BABY PEGGY'S OWN STORY BOOK

Betty Jean Leggett
No.

Betty Jean Leggett
3825 N. Richmond St.
Chicago, Illinois

13

37417 Niles Blvd
Fremont, CA 94536

510-494-1411
www.nilesfilmmuseum.org

BABY PEGGY'S OWN STORY BOOK

"THE DUCKLING THOUGHT THEY WISHED TO DO HIM SOME HARM"

BABY PEGGY'S OWN STORY BOOK

With Six Illustrations in Color

Published under exclusive arrangement with
The Principal Pictures Corporation

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
MCMXXIV

Printed in the United States of America

These are the stories I like best to read or get somebody to tell to me. When I can get my mother to tell them to me about bedtime I like it best of all.

I like having all my favorite stories put together in one book so that all my little friends can share them with me. It will be like sharing a birthday cake with hundreds and thousands of other children. I hope your mothers will read them to you.

Lovingly
Baby Peggy

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Publishers wish to acknowledge sources of copyrighted stories printed in this volume and to thank the Publishers named below, who have kindly given permission for use of material which appears under their imprint.

To George W. Jacobs & Company for "The Cock, the Mouse and the Little Red Hen" by Félicité Lefèvre; to Little, Brown & Company for "Grandfather Frog's Journey" from MOTHER WEST WIND'S ANIMAL STORIES by Thornton Burgess; to Dodd, Mead & Company for "Perez the Mouse" by Padre Luis Coloma and Lady Moreton.

"The Bun" and "Mr. Samson Cat" come from PICTURE TALES FROM THE RUSSIAN by Valery Carrick; "The Mice's Christmas Party" is from 365 BEDTIME STORIES by Mary Graham Bonner; "The New Horse" from PRINCE AND ROVER OF CLOVERFIELD FARM by Helen Fuller Orton; "How the Creeturs Went to the Barbecue" from BRER RABBIT AND UNCLE REMUS by Joel Chandler Harris; "Ederland the Poultry Maid" and "The Walk to the Mill" from THE DANISH FAIRY BOOK by Frederick H. Martens; and "The Adventures of Squirrel Fluffytail" is from a book of the same name by Dolores McKenna. These are published by ourselves.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

BABY PEGGY'S OWN STORY BOOK

THE BUN

BY VALERY CARRICK

ONCE upon a time there was an old man, and one day he wanted something nice to eat, so he said to his wife: "My dear, please make me a bun." But she answered: "What am I to make it of? We have no flour." "What nonsense," he said, "of course we have! You've only got to scrape the sides of the bin and sweep its floor and you'll get plenty!"

So his wife took a feather brush, and scraped the sides and swept the floor of the bin, and got a little flour together. Then she kneaded the dough with cream, rolled out the bun, spread it over with butter and put it in the oven.

And the bun turned out simply splendid! She took it out of the oven and put it on the window-sill to get cold.

And there the bun lay and lay, and he began to feel lonely, so he just took and rolled off!

From the window-sill he rolled down on to the bench, from the bench on to the floor, and over the floor to the door.

Then he rolled right over the threshold into the lobby, out of the lobby on to the front door steps

and down the steps right out of doors, and rolled straight along the road into the field.

Suddenly he met a hare, and the hare said to him: "Mr. Bun, Mr. Bun, I shall eat you up!"

"No, you shan't, Mr. Hare, for I'll sing you a song." And he started singing: "I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun, I was scraped from the sides and swept from the floor of the bin, I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill, but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, and I shan't find it hard to get away from you!" And when he had finished his song he went on rolling farther, and was out of sight before Mr. Hare had time to look.

And he went on rolling, when suddenly he met a wolf, and the wolf said to him: "Mr. Bun, Mr. Bun, I shall eat you up!" "No, you shan't, Mr. Wolf, for I'll sing you a song." And he started singing: "I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun, I was scraped from the sides and swept from the floor of the bin, I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill, but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, and I got away from Mr. Hare, and I think I'll find it easy enough to get away from you!"

And he went on rolling farther, when suddenly he met a bear. And the bear said to him: "Mr. Bun, Mr. Bun, I shall eat you up!" "Indeed you shall not, you old crooked-paws, you couldn't if you tried."

And he started singing: "For I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun, I was scraped from the sides, and swept from the floor of the bin, I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill, but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, I got away from Mr. Hare, and got away from Mr. Wolf—good-by, Bruin!"

And he went on rolling farther, when suddenly he met a fox, and the fox said to him: "How do you do, Mr. Bun, how pretty you are, and how well-baked you are!" And Mr. Bun was pleased at being praised, and he started singing: "I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun, I was scraped from the sides and swept from the floor of the bin, I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill, but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, I got away from Mr. Hare, and got away from Mr. Wolf, I got away from Bruin and I'll get away from you!" "*That's* a fine song," said the fox, "please sing it to me again, but come and sit on my nose, I've got so deaf lately."

So, Mr. Bun jumped up on Mr. Fox's nose and sang his song again. And the fox said: "Thank you, Mr. Bun, but please sing it just once again. And come and sit on my tongue, then I shall hear still better." And Mr. Fox put out his tongue and Mr. Bun jumped on to it, and Mr. Fox just closed his mouth and ate Mr. Bun up.

THE ADVENTURES OF SQUIRREL FLUFFY-TAIL

BY DOLORES MC KENNA

ONCE upon a time, on a beautiful island that stood in the center of a great big lake, there lived in the heart of a kindly old oak tree a dear little squirrel family. There were three in all; Father, Mother and Fluffy-tail, and they were just the happiest family one could imagine.

Father Squirrel worked hard all day long gathering nuts to store away so that they would all have enough food in the larder for winter, and when Mother Squirrel was not too busy doing her housework she too helped to gather nuts, which she would tuck away in all sorts of places so that no lazy squirrels could find them. She knew that there were some lazy little rascals who would play all summer long and that when the winter came their poor babies would ofttimes cry because they were so hungry.

Not that she would not help any one in need, for she was a good, kind mother, but she knew from experience that those little squirrels who would not work and gather nuts when they were plentiful, would help themselves to other folks' supply if they had a chance to do so.

One day while Mrs. Squirrel was ironing some pretty petties for Fluffy-tail she heard a knock at the door. It was a messenger from Mrs. Squire Squirrel inviting Fluffy-tail to a surprise-party to be given to her little daughter Furrikins. When Fluffy-tail came bouncing in to dinner that day and saw something pink peeping out from under her plate, you can just imagine how delighted she was when she pulled it out and found it was an invitation to a party, for parties were few and far between on the Island.

They had to be just after the summer visitors left the place, as it would not be very safe while they were there. With summer visitors there was sure to be a boy with a gun who was always just so hungry for squirrel pot-pie. In the winter it was too cold, and in the spring there was seldom enough food left for regular meals, much less a party. So now the time was just right and Fluffy-tail thought she was never so happy in all her life.

After lunch, on the day of the party, Mrs. Squirrel washed, brushed and combed Fluffy-tail until it hurt so she thought she would have to squeal once or twice; then dressed her in one of the prettiest little party dresses one ever saw. Fluffy-tail even had new slippers with fluffy pink bows. "You must live up to your name, my dear," her mother said, as she tied her pretty pink bonnet strings, "and too, my dear," as she kissed her for at least the twentieth time, "be

very careful of your manners; don't lose your present (the cutest lace trimmed hanky with blue birds in the corners); go straight there and come straight back home before dark. You know Old Tabby Cat just loves little squirrels for dinner and she wouldn't care even if you did have on your party dress. Cats are such prowling creatures sometimes," she added.

Mrs. Squirrel followed Fluffy a little way down the path and at the corner Fluffy turned, waved good-by with her little fan, and then was gone out of sight. Mrs. Squirrel sighed as she went back into the house, hoping all would be happy for her darling that day.

Fluffy herself was surely happy, and after waving good-by to her mother, her thoughts were filled with the good time and the good things she knew she would get to eat at the party. Her little brown eyes seemed to just dance whenever she would think of the pleasures in store for her. She had not gone very far along the road when she heard a wee voice crying, "Oh, please help me! It hurts so!" and looking around she saw a poor little mouse whose tail was caught between two stones.

"Just a minute," said Fluffy, and after carefully putting down her hanky and fan, she tried to move the stones between which little Timmy Mouse's tail was caught. At first she thought she would not be able to, but at last she got a good-sized stick and raised the stone just enough for poor little Tim to

get loose. He was so glad to be free, he said, not only because the stone hurt him dreadfully but because he feared that Old Mrs. Tabby Cat was liable to be along any minute. "I can't tell you how much I thank you," he said, "but maybe some day I can do something for you."

"That's all right," said Fluffy, gathering up her things. "Tell your mother to put some arnica on your tail and it won't hurt any more," and she was gone out of sight. "I must hurry a little more," she thought, "as I would hate dreadfully to be late for the party."

"Oh, dear me! What a narrow escape!" exclaimed Fluffy, as she stooped down and picked up a tiny little woodpecker that had fallen to the ground. "Your mother must be very careless to let you fall." "No," said the little chap, "Mother has gone for food for us and I played too near the edge of the stump and fell off." Just then the woodpecker's mother returned, and being alarmed that something was happening to her babies, came flying toward Fluffy screaming, "What are you doing here?" "I am not harming your children," said Fluffy. "I was just putting your little baby back in your nest. He had fallen to the ground and could not get up himself. It was lucky for him that I saw him when I did, for I almost stepped on him." By this time Mrs. Woodpecker was over her alarm and was very sorry she had spoken so crossly. "Please forgive me," she

said, "I was so terribly frightened I hardly knew what I was saying. I thank you a thousand times; should you ever need a friend, let me know and I will do all I can to help you." Fluffy did not wait to talk longer; she knew it was getting nearer party time every minute, so she hurried on.

"Now," thought Fluffy-tail, "I shall not stop again, no matter what happens—I'll just hustle along and not stop until I reach Squire Squirrel's house. Why, it must be time for the party now!" she thought, as she looked at her tiny little wrist watch. While looking at her watch she heard a fluttering and rustling in the leaves along the roadside. "I'll not stop," she thought, "I'll just pretend I don't hear anything." She had only gone a few steps though when she had to turn back to see what was wrong. She was such a tender-hearted little creature, she could not go to a place where she knew she was to have a good time and feel that she might by any chance have passed by some suffering little person.

"What is it?" she asked rather impatiently, as she glanced to where the noise seemed to come from. "You needn't be so cross about it!" said a little Bat that was lying alongside the path. "Won't you please pick me up and hang me on that old tree? I guess I must have fallen asleep and loosed my hold on the bark. No! No! Not that way!" he said, as Fluffy was trying to place him on the branch. "Hang me upside down. That's the way I sleep."

"Very well," said Fluffy, "there you are, upside down. Now I hope everything is all right." "Yes, thank you," said Mr. Bat, "I can go to sleep again now, and I'll try to be more careful. Before you go, though," he went on, "I wish you would give me your name and address. I'll put it in my vest pocket and maybe some day I'll be able to be of some use to you for your kindness in helping me out to-day." Fluffy told him in as few words as possible, her name, where she lived, and where she was going; then bidding him good-by, she picked up her packages and hurried along faster than ever.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I might almost as well go home now. It's so late. I'm sure the ice cream and cake and all the goodies will be eaten before I get there. I do wish people would not be so careless and make so much work for other people to do. I'm all tired out now and I do hope that I've had my last delay." With this thought she hurried along just as fast as her little feet would go. So excited was poor Fluffy now that she made a turn to the left instead of to the right, and she had gone quite a distance before she discovered that there was something wrong. She did not know just what to do and became so dreadfully frightened that she sat down and cried as though her little heart would break. How long she had been sitting there she could not tell; she went over the happenings since her dear mother kissed her good-by, and wondered if she would be able to find

her way back home without being caught by that awful Old Tabby Cat.

"If ever I get out of this trouble," thought she, "I'll never again stop any place to help anybody. If I had only gone straight to the party and let other folks take care of themselves I would be safe now." With the thought that she was now the most unhappy creature in the world, she burst into tears again.

"Won't you please give me those tears?" Fluffy heard a tiny voice ask. "I am withering away and must die soon if somebody does not give me a tiny drink." Looking down, Fluffy saw a tiny little Bluebell all wilted, and looking so sad. "The trees are so thick here," it said, "I cannot get the rain or dew, and the fairies are having a big party to-day and have forgotten poor little me." By this time Fluffy's tears were all dried up, seeing some one in distress made her forget her own troubles. "I can't give you my tears," she said, "for they have all dried now, but I can get you some water from the brook," so again putting down her dear little fan and hanky she skipped off to the brook to get the water. She had nothing in which to carry it so she made a cup of her tiny hands and was stepping from one stone to another when her little foot slipped and splash into the water it went. "Oh, my dear little shoe!" wailed Fluffy, as she looked down and saw the pretty bow all wet and muddy. "I can never go to the party now."

She tried her best to wipe off the mud and fluff up the bow and then got more water which she took back to the little Bluebell who was eagerly waiting for her to return. "There now, raise up your head and be happy," said Fluffy, as she poured the water around its tiny roots. "If you want more I shall get it for you, then I must try to find my way home, as I have lost my way to Furrikin's party." By this time the little Bluebell was refreshed after its hearty drink and told Fluffy the way to reach Furrikins' home.

Thanking the little flower, she again started out and was just making the last turn when whom should she see in her path but Old Tabby Cat. Fluffy looked but for an instant. She knew she must move quickly to escape, so she turned about, yelled for help as loudly as she could, and ran just as fast as her little legs would carry her. She was tired already after her long walk and could not make very good time. Old Tabby was gaining on her rapidly when Mrs. Woodpecker, who had heard Fluffy's first cry for help, flew at once to the rescue. She jumped on Mrs. Tabby's head and began pecking for all she was worth. This was such a surprise to Old Tabby that she fell head over heels into a hole by the roadside and it was quite a few minutes before she recovered herself enough to peep out to try to discover just what had attacked her. As she did so a big stone dropped from some place down in the hole beside

her, pinning her tail fast. It was some time before little Timmy Mouse (for it was he who had rolled the stone on Old Tabby's tail) dared to look over the edge of the pit to see how well his plans worked. "So it was you?" said Tabby, glaring at Timmy.

One look was enough for little Timmy and he scurried off home as fast as he could go.

By this time it was quite late and poor little Fluffy was still running, thankful to have escaped Old Tabby, but fearful of some new danger at every step.

Suddenly a voice beside her said, "Don't be frightened, follow close to me for I can see quite well in the dark. You did me a good turn once in the daylight and now I can help you in the dark." With these words, Mr. Bat (for it was the same one she had helped that afternoon when he had fallen from the tree) took hold of her hand and led her to Furrikins' home where they were all waiting to greet her. After Mrs. Woodpecker had jumped on Mrs. Tabby, she flew on to tell the little folks at the party all about poor Fluffy's experience, and to ask them to keep the party waiting just a little longer.

It was surely a grand party. They had it on their beautiful lawn and the moon had come out so brightly that the little folks played all their games they had arranged for the daytime. There were nuts, apples, candies, and all sorts of goodies to eat, nice games to play, and they danced around in the moon-

light till the Whip-poor-will called, which was the curfew for all.

As it was so late when Fluffy arrived at the party, Mrs. Furrykins sent a message to her mother telling her that she would keep her all night and send her home early next morning. So after the party was over and all the little folk had gone to their homes in the woods, Mrs. Squire Squirrel tucked Fluffy and Furrykins in her daughter's little bed, kissed each of them "good-night," heard them say their prayers, and went quietly to her own room on the opposite side of the big oak tree.

Fluffy was too tired to dream of the many experiences she had had that day and went to sleep quickly. Early next morning, as promised, Mrs. Furrykins saw to it that Fluffy was taken safely home. Her mother was anxiously waiting for her at the door and each was happy to feel the other's arms around her.

Mother Squirrel kissed her little daughter after each adventure was told to her, and wiping the tears from her eyes when Fluffy had finished, she said, "After all, Fluffy dear, you see that one can never lose anything by being kind to others. You are home again safe and sound and I'm glad you enjoyed the party."

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," she said, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home she came to a stile. The piggy would not go over the stile. So she went a little farther, and she met a dog, and she said to the dog:

"Dog, dog, bite pig,
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said:

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the rope would not.

The old woman went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope,
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile
And I shan't get home in time
To make my old man his apple-dumpling."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So away went the old woman to the cow, and said, "Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk."

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk."

So away went the old woman to the haymakers, and said, "Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay."

But the haymakers said to her, "If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay."

So away went the old woman. But when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes.

But she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and she went back with it to the haymakers, and they gave her a wisp of hay.

Then she took the wisp of hay to the cow, and as soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

And as soon as the cat had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile;
So the old woman got home in time
To make her old man his apple-dumpling.

THE COCK, THE MOUSE AND THE LITTLE RED HEN

BY FÉLICITÉ LEFÈVRE

ONCE upon a time there was a hill, and on the hill there was a pretty little house.

It had one little green door, and four little windows with green shutters, and in it there lived

A COCK, and A MOUSE, and A LITTLE RED HEN.

On another hill close by there was another little House. It was very ugly. It had a door that wouldn't shut, and two broken windows, and all the paint was off the shutters. And in this house there lived

A BOLD BAD FOX and FOUR BAD LITTLE FOXES.

One morning these four bad little foxes came to the big bad Fox, and said:—

"Oh, Father, we're so hungry!"

"We had nothing to eat yesterday," said one.

"And scarcely anything the day before," said another.

"And only half a chicken the day before that," said the third.

"And only two little ducks the day before that," said the fourth.

The big bad Fox shook his head for a long time, for he was thinking. At last he said in a big gruff voice:—

"On the hill over there I see a house. And in that house there lives a Cock."

"And a Mouse," screamed two of the little foxes.

"And a little Red Hen," screamed the other two.

"And they are nice and fat," went on the big bad Fox. "This very day, I'll take my great sack, and I will go up that hill, and in at that door, and into my sack I will put the Cock, and the Mouse, and the little Red Hen."

"I'll make a fire to roast the Cock," said one little fox.

"I'll put on the saucepan to boil the Hen," said the second.

"And I'll get the frying pan to fry the Mouse," said the third.

"And I'll have the biggest helping when they are all cooked," said the fourth, who was the greediest of all.

So the four little foxes jumped for joy, and the big bad fox went to get his sack ready to start upon his journey.

But what was happening to the Cock and the Mouse, and the little Red Hen, all this time?

Well, sad to say, the Cock and the Mouse had

both got out of bed on the wrong side that morning. The Cock said the day was too hot, and the Mouse grumbled because it was too cold.

They came grumbling down to the kitchen, where the good little Red Hen, looking as bright as a sunbeam, was bustling about.

"Who'll get some sticks to light the fire with?" she asked.

"*I* shan't," said the Cock.

"*I* shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

So off she ran to get the sticks.

"And now, who'll fill the kettle from the spring?" she asked.

"*I* shan't," said the Cock.

"*I* shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

And off she ran to fill the kettle.

"And who'll get the breakfast ready?" she asked, as she put the kettle on to boil.

"*I* shan't," said the Cock.

"*I* shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

All breakfast time the Cock and the Mouse quarreled and grumbled. The Cock upset the milk jug, and the Mouse scattered crumbs upon the floor.

"Who'll clear away the breakfast?" asked the poor little Red Hen, hoping they would soon leave off being cross.

"*I* shan't," said the Cock.

"*I* shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

So she cleared everything away, swept up the crumbs and brushed up the fireplace.

"And now, who'll help me to make the beds?"

"*I* shan't," said the Cock.

"*I* shan't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said the little Red Hen.

And she tripped away upstairs.

But the lazy Cock and Mouse each sat down in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and soon fell fast asleep.

Now the bad Fox had crept up the hill, and into the garden, and if the Cock and Mouse hadn't been asleep, they would have seen his sharp eyes peeping in at the window. "Rat tat tat, rat tat tat," the Fox knocked at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Mouse, half opening his eyes.

"Go and look for yourself, if you want to know," said the rude Cock.

"It's the postman perhaps," thought the Mouse to himself, "and he may have a letter for me." So without waiting to see who it was, he lifted the latch and opened the door.

As soon as he opened it, in jumped the big Fox, with a cruel smile upon his face!

"Oh! oh! oh!" squeaked the Mouse, as he tried to run up the chimney.

"Doodle doodle do!" screamed the Cock, as he jumped on the back of the biggest arm-chair.

But the Fox only laughed, and without more ado he took the little Mouse by the tail, and popped him into the sack, and seized the Cock by the neck and popped him in too.

Then the poor little Red Hen came running downstairs to see what all the noise was about, and the Fox caught her and put her into the sack with the others. Then he took a long piece of string out of his pocket, wound it round and round and round the mouth of the sack, and tied it very tight indeed. After that he threw the sack over his back, and off he set down the hill.

"Oh! I wish I hadn't been so cross," said the Cock, as they went bumping about.

"Oh! I wish I hadn't been so lazy," said the Mouse, wiping his eyes with the tip of his tail.

"It's never too late to mend," said the little Red Hen. "And don't be too sad. See, here I have my little work-bag, and in it there is a pair of scissors, and a little thimble, and a needle and thread. Very soon you will see what I am going to do."

Now the sun was very hot, and soon Mr. Fox began to feel his sack was heavy, and at last he thought he would lie down under a tree and go to sleep for a

little while. So he threw the sack down with a big bump, and very soon fell fast asleep.

Snore, snore, snore, went the Fox.

As soon as the little Red Hen heard this, she took out her scissors, and began to snip a hole in the sack, just large enough for the Mouse to creep through.

"Quick," she whispered to the Mouse, "run as fast as you can and bring back a stone just as large as yourself."

Out scampered the Mouse, and soon came back, dragging the stone after him.

"Push it in here," said the little Red Hen, and he pushed it in in a twinkling.

Then the little Red Hen snipped away at the hole, till it was large enough for the Cock to get through.

"Quick," she said, "run and get a stone as big as yourself."

Out flew the Cock, and soon came back quite out of breath, with a big stone, which he pushed into the sack too.

Then the little Red Hen popped out, got a stone as big as herself, and pushed it in. Next she put on her thimble, took out her needle and thread, and sewed up the hole as quickly as ever she could.

When it was done, the Cock and the Mouse and the little Red Hen ran home very fast, shut the door after them, drew the bolts, shut the shutters, and drew down the blinds and felt quite safe.

The bad Fox lay fast asleep under the tree for some time, but at last he woke up.

"Dear, dear," he said, rubbing his eyes and then looking at the long shadows on the grass, "how late it is getting. I must hurry home."

So the bad Fox went grumbling and groaning down the hill, till he came to the stream. Splash! In went one foot. Splash! In went the other, but the stones in the sack were so heavy that at the very next step down tumbled Mr. Fox into a deep pool. And then the fishes carried him off to their fairy caves and kept him a prisoner there, so he was never seen again. And the four greedy little foxes had to go to bed without any supper.

But the Cock and the Mouse never grumbled again. They lit the fire, filled the kettle, laid the breakfast, and did all the work, while the good little Red Hen had a holiday, and sat resting in the big arm-chair.

No foxes ever troubled them again, and for all I know they are still living happily in the little house with the green door and green shutters, which stands on the hill.

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

BY HELEN BANNERMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo. And his Mother was called Black Mumbo. And his Father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a lovely little Pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings. And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went out for a walk in the Jungle.

And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat."

So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beau-

tiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers."

So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I have four feet, and you have only two: you have only half enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger; "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!"

And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella."

But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot on your tail, and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo.

"So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So he got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder.

"Oh, dear!" said Little Black Sambo. "There are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?"

So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each other's tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh, Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?"

But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rrrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away."

But the Tigers would not let go of each other's tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each other's tails. And they were so angry that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh, what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five, but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

BY BEATRIX POTTER

ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the roots of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor. Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries. But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber-frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes. After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster; so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

And he rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden under-

neath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kertyschoo!"

Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest. He was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath. An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him.

Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some gold-fish; she sat very, very still, but now and

then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scratch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheel-barrow, and peeped over.

The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheel-barrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes.

His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second

little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

MR. SAMSON CAT

BY VALERY CARRICK

ONCE upon a time a cat came running out of a certain village, and a fox came running out of a certain forest, and they met.

"How do you do?" said the fox. "How do you do?" said the cat. "What's your name?" said the fox. "Mr. Samson Cat, and what's yours?" "They call me Widow Fox." "Let's live together," said the cat. "Very well," said the fox. And so they settled down in Widow Fox's cottage.

One day Mr. Cat went out for a walk to gather berries in the forest, when a hare came running along. He never noticed the cat and jumped right on to the top of him.

Mr. Cat said: "G-r-r-r!" and the hare took fright and set off running so fast, that you could just see his heels twinkle, and he was gone! Then the hare met a wolf, and said to him: "As I was running past Widow Fox's cottage, an unheard-of beast jumped right on to the top of me, he was so big and so dreadful! He was just going to swallow me up alive, only my legs saved me!" "I must go and have a look," said the wolf. "Don't, he will eat you up!" said the hare. Nevertheless the wolf went off to Widow Fox's cottage. And just then Widow

Fox and Mr. Samson Cat had dragged a dead sheep into their courtyard, and were hard at it behind the fence, gobbling him up.

When Widow Fox had had enough, she came out at the gate, and there Mr. Wolf came up to her. He could hear how Mr. Cat was going on behind the fence, and said to Widow Fox: "Who is that there in your courtyard, Widow Fox?" "That's the mighty Mr. Samson Cat. He killed a sheep in a fight and now he's eating it. You'd better go away quickly, or else the same thing will happen to you." Meantime Mr. Cat was working hard at the sheep and crying: "Mee-ow, mee-ow!" And Mr. Wolf thought he was saying: "Not enough, not enough," and he thought: "Good gracious, he hasn't had enough after eating a whole sheep!" and he grew frightened and ran away. And as he was running he saw a pig rubbing his side against a tree. And he said to him: "Have you heard the news? We shan't be able to make a living in *this* forest any more; Widow Fox has got a dreadful animal living with her, the mighty Mr. Samson Cat. He eats four sheep a day, and then says he hasn't had enough." And Mr. Pig flapped his ears and winked his eye and said: "I should like to have a look at this beast!" "What are you thinking of?" said Mr. Wolf, "you'd better not go near the place!"

And while they were standing and talking, a bear came up, and Mr. Pig said to him: "Uncle Bruin,

have you heard the news? Widow Fox has a beast living with her called the mighty Mr. Samson Cat. He eats ten oxen a day, and then says he hasn't had enough!" "What a terrible thing," said Bruin, "I *should* like to see that beast!"

So they discussed this way and that, and sent Mr. Pig to Widow Fox to ask if they might just with one eye have a peep at Mr. Samson Cat. And Mr. Pig came to Widow Fox and said: "How do you do? how do you do, Widow Fox? We have heard tell of your Mr. Samson Cat and we should so like to have a look at him. Do please tell us how this could be arranged without the danger of his eating us up!" And Widow Fox thought for a bit and then said: "This is how you must arrange it: bake a *lot* of pies and get a *lot* of honey, and invite us to come and see you. *Perhaps* he won't do you any harm then." And Mr. Pig was delighted and ran back to his friends and told Mr. Wolf and Mr. Bruin: "Widow Fox says: 'Bake a *lot* of pies and get a *lot* of honey, and we will come and see you, and *perhaps* the mighty Mr. Samson Cat won't eat you all up.'" And so Bruin began to get the honey, Mr. Wolf began to bake the pies, and Mr. Pig began to tidy up, and get ready to receive the expected guests.

And they baked a *lot* of pies, and got a *lot* of honey, and Bruin said: "I shall get up into a tree; from there I shall see better when the guests begin to arrive." And so he climbed up.

And Mr. Wolf said: "For a whole day I've been working at those pies. I shall go and rest for a bit under this log." And he crawled under the log and lay down there.

And Mr. Pig said: "I have got hot all over, making everything tidy. I shall go and get into the shade for a bit." And he went and hid in the brushwood.

Meanwhile Widow Fox and the mighty Mr. Samson Cat came along, and their hosts were not there! Bruin was up an oak, Mr. Wolf under a log, and Mr. Pig in the brushwood. So there was nothing to be done but start eating without their hosts, and Widow Fox went for the honey while Mr. Cat got to work on the stuffed pies.

Suddenly Mr. Cat heard something rustling in the grass, and this was Mr. Pig's tail rustling from fright. Mr. Cat thought: "I expect that's a mouse," and dashed off and caught Mr. Pig by the tail.

Mr. Pig squealed and ran off as hard as he could, and ran his snout straight into the stump of a tree.

Mr. Cat was really just as much frightened himself, and jumped onto the tree. At this Bruin's paws grew weak from fright, and he fell plump down from the tree right onto the top of the log under which Mr. Wolf was lying.

And Mr. Wolf thought: "My end has come," and he jumped out from under the log and started off running as hard as he could go. And it was not

till evening that Mr. Wolf, Mr. Pig and Bruin met again and told each other their experiences.

Mr. Pig said: "Well I never! The way he caught hold of my tail and dashed my head against the stump!" And Bruin said: "The stump was nothing! He tore out the whole oak tree by the roots and began to shake it. How could I possibly hold on? I was lucky not to fall into his jaws." And Mr. Wolf said: "And the way he put me one on with that oak tree! Well, that *is* a beast, if you like!" And they all began to shake their heads and said: "Well, that *is* a beast, if you like! There's no mistake about Mr. Samson Cat!"

THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF

THREE goats once lived together on a mountain, and every one of them was named Gruff. It was hard for them to find enough to eat, for there were no trees there, and only a few blades of grass grew among the cracks and crevices of the rocks.

"What a fine pasture that must be on the other mountain beyond the waterfall!" said the great goat Gruff one morning.

"Yes," said his brother, the second goat Gruff, "you can see the green grass plainly. It makes my mouth water only to look at it; and it is all going to waste, for there is not a goat there to eat it."

"I mean to get my dinner there this very day," said the little goat Gruff; and he held his head very high.

"So will we, little brother," said the other two goats. "But since you cannot eat so fast as we, you may go first, and we will follow after."

Now, the only way by which they could reach the other mountain was to cross a high bridge over the waterfall. Under this bridge, among the rocks and the spray, there lived a great ugly fairy called a Troll, with eyes as big as frying pans and a nose as long as a broomstick. But the little goat Gruff knew

nothing about the Troll; he only saw the green grass on the side of the mountain, and he never thought of any danger on the way. When he came to the bridge he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked bravely along.

"Trip trap, trip trap, trip trap," said the bridge, as he went over.

"Who trips on my bridge?" cried the Troll.

"Oh, it's only the little goat Gruff. I am going over to the other mountain to get my dinner and grow fat," said the goat, in a soft voice.

"No, you won't," said the Troll, "for I am going to eat you up"; and he began to stir from his place by the side of the waterfall.

"Oh! now, please don't hurt me, for I am so little," said the goat; "but if you will wait a while, the second goat Gruff will soon come this way, and he is much bigger."

"Very well," said the Troll; "you may pass."

In about an hour the second goat Gruff came down to cross the bridge. He held his head up very high, and looked neither to the right nor to the left.

"Trap trap, trap trap, trap trap," said the bridge.

"Who is it that trap-traps over my bridge?" asked the Troll.

"Oh, it is only the second Gruff. I am going across to the other mountain to eat grass and grow fat," said the goat, trying to make his harsh voice sound weak and piping.

"No, you are not," said the Troll, "for I am going to eat you up"; and he made a great noise in the water about him.

"Oh! please don't," said the goat, "for I would hardly make you a good mouthful. Wait a little while, and then the great goat Gruff will come this way; he is ever so much bigger than I am."

"Very well," said the Troll; "you may pass."

In a few minutes the great goat Gruff came down, and walked boldly upon the bridge.

"Trap trop, trap trop, trap trop—ah!" said the bridge. For the goat was so heavy that the boards creaked and cracked under him.

"Who goes tramping on my bridge?" cried the Troll.

"It is I, the great goat Gruff," said the goat, in a very coarse tone of voice. "I am going over to the other mountain to eat up all your grass."

"No, you are not," said the Troll, making a great stir in the waterfall; "for it is I that am going to eat you. I am after you now!"

"Well, then, come on," said the goat, "and I'll give you a taste of my two spears."

And as soon as the Troll lifted his head above the sides of the bridge, the great goat Gruff rushed upon him, and thrust out his eyes with his horns, and broke his bones, and tossed him back into the deep, cold water below. Then he went on, over to the other mountain.

The three goats named Gruff found more green grass than they could eat in many a day, and they grew so fat they never cared to cross the bridge over the waterfall again. And if they have not lost their fat, they are still as fat as ever.

GRANDFATHER FROG'S JOURNEY

BY THORNTON BURGESS

GRANDFATHER FROG sat on his big green lily-pad in the Smiling Pool and—Grandfather Frog was asleep! There was no doubt about it, Grandfather Frog was really and truly asleep. His hands were folded across his white and yellow waistcoat and his eyes were closed. Three times the Merry Little Breezes blew a foolish green fly right past his nose;—Grandfather Frog didn't so much as blink.

Presently Billy Mink discovered that Grandfather Frog was asleep. Billy's little black eyes twinkled with mischief as he hurried over to the slippery slide in search of Little Joe Otter. Then the two scamps hunted up Jerry Muskrat. They found him very busy storing away a supply of food in his new house. At first Jerry refused to listen to what they had to say, but the more they talked the more Jerry became interested.

"We won't hurt Grandfather Frog, not the least little bit," protested Billy Mink. "It will be just the best joke and the greatest fun ever, and no harm done."

The more Jerry thought over Billy Mink's plan,

the funnier the joke seemed. Finally Jerry agreed to join Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter. Then the three put their heads together and with a lot of giggling and chuckling they planned their joke on Grandfather Frog.

Now Jerry Muskrat can stay a very long time under water, and his teeth are long and sharp in order to cut the roots on which he depends for much of his food. So Jerry swam out to the big green lily-pad on which sat Grandfather Frog fast asleep. Diving way to the bottom of the Smiling Pool, Jerry cut off the stem of the big green lily-pad close to its root way down in the mud.

While Jerry was at this work, Billy Mink sent the Merry Little Breezes hurrying over the Green Meadows to call all the little meadow people to the Smiling Pool. Then, when Jerry Muskrat came up for a breath of air, Billy Mink dived down and, getting hold of the end of the lily-pad stem, he began to swim, towing the big green lily-pad after him very slowly and gently so as not to awaken Grandfather Frog. When Billy had to come up for air, Little Joe Otter took his place. Then Jerry Muskrat took his turn.

Across the Smiling Pool, past the Big Rock, they towed the big green lily-pad, while Grandfather Frog slept peacefully, his hands folded over his white and yellow waistcoat. Past the bulrushes and Jerry

Muskrat's new house, past Little Joe Otter's slippery slide sailed Grandfather Frog, and still he slept and dreamed of the days when the world was young.

Out of the Smiling Pool and into the Laughing Brook, where the brown water flows smoothly, the three little swimmers towed the big green lily-pad. It floated along of itself now, and all they had to do was to steer it clear of rocks and old logs. Once it almost got away from them, on the edge of a tiny waterfall, but all three pulling together towed it out of danger. At last, in a dear little pool with a mossy green bank, they anchored the big green lily-pad.

Then Billy Mink hurried back to the Smiling Pool to tell the little meadow people where to find Grandfather Frog. Little Joe Otter climbed out on the mossy green bank and Jerry Muskrat joined him there to rest and dry off. One by one the little meadow people came hurrying up. Reddy Fox was the first. Then came Johnny Chuck and Striped Chipmunk. Of course Peter Rabbit was on hand. You can always count Peter in, when there is anything going on among the little meadow people. Danny Meadow Mouse and Happy Jack Squirrel arrived quite out of breath. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow were not far behind. Last of all came Jimmy Skunk, who never hurries.

Each in turn peeped over the edge of the mossy green bank to see Grandfather Frog still sleeping

peacefully on his big green lily-pad in the dear little pool. Then all hid where they could see him when he awoke, but where he could not see them.

Presently Billy Mink reached out with a long straw and tickled Grandfather Frog on the end of his nose. Grandfather Frog opened his eyes and yawned sleepily. Right over his head he saw jolly, round, red Mr. Sun smiling down on him just as he last saw him before falling asleep. He yawned again and then looked to see if Billy Mink was sitting on the Big Rock.

Where was the Big Rock? Grandfather Frog sat up very suddenly and rubbed his eyes. There wasn't any Big Rock! Grandfather Frog pinched himself to make sure that he was awake. Then he rubbed his eyes again and looked down at the big green lily-pad. Yes, that was his, the very same lily-pad on which he sat every day.

Grandfather Frog was more perplexed than ever. Slowly he looked around. Where were the slippery slide and Jerry Muskrat's new house? Where were the bulrushes and where—where was the *Smiling Pool?* Grandfather Frog's jaw dropped as he looked about him. His own big green lily-pad was the only lily-pad in sight. Had the world turned topsy-turvy while he slept?

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog. "This is very strange, very strange, indeed!"

Then he turned around three times and pinched

himself again. "Very strange, very strange, indeed," muttered Grandfather Frog over and over again. He scratched his head first with one hand and then with the other, and the more he scratched the stranger it all seemed.

Just then he heard a giggle up on the mossy green bank. Grandfather Frog whirled around. "Chug-a-rum!" he exclaimed. "Billy Mink, come out from behind that tall grass and tell me where I am and what this means! I might have known that you were at the bottom of it."

Then out jumped all the little meadow people and the Merry Little Breezes to shout and laugh and dance and roll over and over on the mossy green bank. Grandfather Frog looked at one and then at another and gradually he began to smile. Pretty soon he was laughing as hard as any of them, as Billy Mink told how they had towed him down to the dear little pool.

"And now, Grandfather Frog, we'll take you home again," concluded Billy Mink.

So, as before, Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat took turns towing the big green lily-pad, while in the middle of it sat Grandfather Frog, catching foolish green flies which the Merry Little Breezes blew over to him.

Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, Peter Rabbit, Danny Meadow Mouse, Striped Chipmunk, Happy Jack Squirrel and Jimmy Skunk raced and capered along

the bank and shouted encouragement to the three little swimmers, while overhead flew Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. And, never once losing his balance, Grandfather Frog sat on the big green lily-pad, enjoying his strange ride and smacking his lips over the foolish green flies.

And so they came once more to the Smiling Pool, past the slippery slide, past the bulrushes and Jerry Muskrat's new house and the Big Rock, until Grandfather Frog and his queer craft were once more anchored safe and sound in the old familiar place.

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog. "I think I'd like to go again."

THE MICE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"A LITTLE mouse had heard when he was hiding in holes in the corners of the rooms that all the little boys and girls in the world once a year had a Christmas tree full of goodies," said daddy. "A dear old person named Santa Claus trimmed the tree for them and filled the stockings which they hung up by the fireplaces.

"The little mouse didn't see why he shouldn't have a Christmas, too, so he told another little mouse what he had heard. Together they planned what they would do. They would bore two little holes into the parlor where they had heard the tree was to be. There they stayed every night, keeping very quiet. They heard the children talk about what they hoped Santa Claus would bring them and saw them constantly send notes up the chimney to him.

"Of course the mice had to keep very quiet, as they didn't want to let the children know they were there, and with a great deal of self-denial they stayed out of the pantry, living for their very own Christmas party.

"At last Christmas Eve came. They saw the children in their little nighties hang up their stockings by the fireplace and then trot off to bed.

"Before long the mice heard strange noises on the

roof, and then a little soot began to fall down the chimney. Soon they saw a jolly old man appear, with white hair and a white beard, from the chimney, and they nudged each other, whispering, 'That must be Santa Claus.'

"Sure enough, it was Santa Claus, for he had a big bag of presents with him, and at once he set to work. At first he trimmed the tree. He had plenty of silver trimming and candles; but, best of all (thought the mice), he strung popcorn over the tree and made it look as if the snow had fallen over it. Then he tied candy canes and candy animals of all sorts on the branches. Next he filled the stockings, and how the mouths of the two little mice did water as they saw all sorts of nuts, raisins and big rosy-cheeked apples going in! The toys didn't interest the mice. They longed to get at the things to eat.

"Before long Santa was through and quickly disappeared up the chimney. And then—the mice began their feast. And, oh, what a time they did have! They ate until they could eat no more, and they thought Christmas the finest time of the year, for never before had they seen food still before them which they weren't hungry for!

"The next morning when the children saw so many nutshells and bits of popcorn lying around they knew that some little mice must have had a party, but they didn't set a trap, as they thought it was fine that the mice had had a Christmas party too."

"THEY ATE UNTIL THEY COULD EAT NO MORE"

HOW THE CREETURS WENT TO THE BARBECUE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"ONCE 'pon a time—" said Uncle Remus to the little boy. "But when was once upon a time?" the child interrupted to ask. The old man smiled. "I speck 'twuz one time er two times, er maybe a time an' a half. You know when Johnny Ashcake 'gun ter bake? Well, 'twuz 'long in dem days. Once 'pon a time," he resumed, "Mr. Man had a gyarden so fine dat all de neighbors come ter see it. Some 'ud look at it over de fence, some 'ud peep thoo de cracks, an' some 'ud come an' look at it by de light er de stars. An' one un um wuz ol' Br'er Rabbit; starlight, moonlight, cloudlight, de night-light wuz de light fer him. When de turn er de mornin' come, he 'uz allers up an' about, an' a-feelin' purty well I thank you, suh!

"Now, den, you done hear what I say. Dar wuz Mr. Man, yander wuz de gyarden, an' here wuz ol' Br'er Rabbit." Uncle Remus made a map of this part of the story by marking in the sand with his walking-cane. "Well, dis bein' de case, what you speck gwineter happen? Nothin' in de roun' worl' but what been happenin' sence greens an' sparrer-

grass wuz planted in de groun'. Dey look fine an' dey tas'e fine, an' long to'rds de shank er de mornin', Br'er Rabbit 'ud creep thoo de crack er de fence an' nibble at um. He'd take de greens, but leave his tracks, mo' speshually right atter a rain. Takin' an' leavin'—it's de way er de worl'.

"Well, one mornin', Mr. Man went out in his truck patch, an' he fin' sump'n missin'—a cabbage here, a turnip dar, an' a mess er beans yander, an' he ax how come dis? He look 'roun', he did, an' he seed Br'er Rabbit's tracks what he couldn't take wid 'im. Br'er Rabbit had lef' his shoes at home, an' come bar'footed.

"So Mr. Man, he call his dogs—'Here, Buck! Here, Brinjer! Here, Blue!' an' he sicc'd um on de track, an' here dey went!

"You'd 'a' thunk dey wuz runnin' atter forty-lev'm rhinossyhosses fum de fuss dey made. Br'er Rabbit he hear um comin' an' he put out fer home, kinder doublin' 'roun' des like he do deze days.

"When he got ter de p'int whar he kin set down fer ter rest his face an' han's, he tuck a poplar leaf an' 'gun ter fan hisse'f. Den Br'er Fox come a-trottin' up. He say, 'Brer Rabbit, what's all dis fuss I hear in de woods? What de name er goodness do it mean?' Br'er Rabbit kinder scratch his head an' 'low, 'Why deyer tryin' ter drive me ter de big bobbycue on de creek. Dey all ax me, an' when I 'fuse dey say deyer gwine ter make me go anyhow. Dey

"'BRER RABBIT, WHAT'S ALL DIS FUSS I HEAR IN DE WOODS?'"

ain't no fun in bein' ez populous ez what I is, Br'er Fox. Ef you wanter go, des git in ahead er de houn's an' go lickity-split down de big road!'

"Br'er Fox roll his little eyes, an' lick his chops whar he dribble at de mouf, an put out ter de bobbycue, an' he ain't mo' dan made his disappearance, 'fo' here come Br'er Wolf, an' when he got de news, off he put.

"An' he ain't mo'n got out'n sight, 'fo' here come ol' Br'er B'ar, an' when he hear talk er de bakin' meat an' de big pan er gravy, he sot up on his behime legs an' snored. Den off he put, an' he ain't got out'n hearin', 'fo' Br'er Coon come rackin' up, an' when he got de news, he put out.

"So dar dey wuz an' what you gwine do 'bout it? It seem like dey all got in front er de dogs, er de dogs got behime um, an' Br'er Rabbit sot by de creek-side laughin' an' hittin' at de snake doctors. An' dem po' creeturs had ter go clean past de bobbycue—ef dey wuz any bobbycue, which I don't skacely speck dey wuz. Dat what make me say what I does—when you git a invite ter a bobbycue, you better fin' out when an' whar it's at, an' who runnin' it."

THE NEW HORSE

BY HELEN FULLER ORTON

AT Cloverfield Farm there were four horses—Dobbin and Bird, Dan and Daisy. Dan was getting old so he could not go fast or work hard any more.

"We need another horse," said Farmer Hill one morning. "Mr. Ross has some for sale. I am going over to look at them to-day and perhaps I will buy one."

"I hope," said John, "that you will get one that can go fast—faster than Daisy."

"I hope," said Sue, "that you will get a fine-looking horse."

"And I hope," said mother, "that you will get a gentle horse, one that will be safe for me to drive."

"I will try to please you all," said father, "but first of all we must have a strong, willing horse—one that will do his share of the farm work."

Father was gone all day, for Farmer Ross lived five miles away.

Toward supper-time Sue looked out of the window and exclaimed: "Oh, there's father with the new horse."

Just then Bobby came running in and shouted: "Father's coming with the new horse."

All three looked toward the road—mother and John and Sue.

Down the road was father in the buggy, driving Daisy while he led the new horse behind the buggy with a halter.

All the family went out to see the new horse when Farmer Hill reached the back yard.

"He is not as handsome as I had hoped," said Sue, "but he has a kind face."

"Can he go fast?" asked John.

"He is not a race-horse," said father, "but he has long, slim legs and can go over the ground pretty fast—quite fast enough for us."

"Is he gentle, so that I can drive him?" asked mother.

"Yes," said father, "he is a safe horse. He will not jump or run away even if you meet a threshing machine."

"I am glad of that," said mother. "Daisy jumps to one side if even a piece of paper blows near her."

"He is a good horse," said Farmer Hill. "He will not run away, but he is very strong-bitted and will have his own way sometimes. It would take a strong arm to hold him back if he wanted to run fast."

"What is his name?" asked Sue.

"His name is Prince," said Father.

"That is a fine name," said Sue.

"I hope Prince will prove to be a good horse," said mother.

"He has one excellent trait," said father. "Farmer Ross says he always knows the way home. His daughter lost her way once and Prince found the right road and brought her safely home."

"What a wonderful thing!" said John.

"Now I will put Prince in the stall next to Daisy's," said father.

He went toward the barn leading Prince, while John and Bobby followed along.

When they reached the barn, Farmer Hill gave Prince a drink from the watering trough, opened the big door and led him into the stall.

In the manger were some oats, and the rack was filled with hay which he could eat whenever he wished.

So Prince had plenty to eat and a good stall to stand in. But he was not happy.

He kept thinking of his old home.

It was not nearly so big a stall as this and not nearly so fine a barn. The oats there were no better and the hay no sweeter. But that had been his home all his life, so he kept thinking about it and wishing he were there.

The fact was that Prince was home-sick.

"I'll go back there if I get a chance," thought

Prince, "and live in my old stall, with the horses in Farmer Ross's barn."

The next day after Prince came to Cloverfield Farm, Farmer Hill had to go to the city. He took Bobby with him and they were gone until afternoon.

All the other horses were out in the field working. Prince was standing in his stall, very lonesome.

He was still thinking of his old home and wishing he could go back there.

"I'll go back if I get a chance," thought Prince.

After a while mother said to John: "Prince must be thirsty. Father may not be back for some time, so I think you had better let Prince have a drink."

John opened the stable door and led him to the watering trough in the barn-yard.

All the while he was drinking, Prince was wondering how he could get away.

John had hold of the rope but not very tightly.

Suddenly, Prince gave a jerk and the rope slipped from John's hand.

Away went Prince, through the barn-yard gate, up the lane, out the gravel driveway and down the road.

The rope was dragging along, his mane was tossing and his heels went galloping over the dusty road.

By this time Farmer Hill and Bobby were coming home from the city in the buggy, and they saw a horse coming toward them down the road.

"Oh, father, some one's horse is running away!" said Bobby.

When the horse came near, father exclaimed: "Why, that is Prince! I must stop him."

"Whoa, Prince, whoa!" he said.

Prince never stopped but went galloping past.

"Oh, what shall we do?" asked Bobby.

"We must go after him," said father. So he turned Daisy around and they started after Prince.

"Get-up, Daisy, get-up," he said. He even took the whip from its socket and touched Daisy, just ever so lightly, but enough to let her know she must go fast.

And so they went down the road, Prince galloping along and Farmer Hill following after.

For two miles along a stretch of level road they went, Prince getting farther ahead all the time.

"I'll not let him catch me," thought Prince, "I shall run and run."

Then came a cross road and Prince turned to the right.

And so they went down this road, Prince galloping ahead, father and Bobby following after.

When Prince came to the next corner, he turned to the left.

Bobby saw him turn. "Prince has turned onto another road," he said. "Why doesn't he go straight ahead?"

"Perhaps he wants to go to some special place," said father.

By the time they reached the corner, Prince was out of sight around a curve in the road.

"Do you think Prince will run a hundred miles?" asked Bobby.

"We shall see," answered father. "Daisy is getting tired, so we shall have to go slowly for a while."

"Perhaps Prince will get tired and stop," said Bobby, "and then we can catch him."

But Prince had been resting in the barn all day, and his long slim legs felt as strong and fresh as when he started.

No, Prince was not tired, but he had reached the place where he wanted to go.

That white house just beyond the curve in the road was Farmer Ross's.

When Prince reached it, he slowed up, walked through the gate and down to the barn.

The hired man, when he took the horses out to work that day, had left the stable door open.

So Prince walked around to the back of the barn, through the open door and into his old stall.

"How nice to be here again," thought Prince.

When Farmer Hill and Bobby reached Mr. Ross's place, Prince was nowhere in sight.

They drove into the yard. "Why do we stop here?" asked Bobby. "We must keep going after Prince."

"We are going after Prince," said father.

"But Prince cannot be here," said Bobby. "He was galloping down the road."

"I think we shall find him here," said father. "This is his old home."

Father and Bobby looked around the yard, but no Prince was there.

The open stable door was not in sight.

Just then Farmer Ross came up from the field. "We are looking for Prince," said Farmer Hill. "He must have gotten out of my stable, for we met him coming this way and followed after."

"I have not seen him. Let us look around," said Farmer Ross.

But Prince was nowhere to be seen.

"Are you sure he came in here?" asked Farmer Ross.

"Not sure," said Farmer Hill, "but I think he did. Could he have gone into the barn?"

They went to the stable door and looked.

There was Prince standing quietly in his stall, eating hay from the rack.

"I told you he always remembered the way home," said Farmer Ross.

"I'll take him back and this time we'll be more careful with him," said Farmer Hill.

So again he led Prince home and put him in the stall beside Daisy.

Every day he fed him plenty of hay and oats, gave

him a good bed of straw to lie on at night, and always treated him kindly.

John sometimes gave him a lump of sugar, but father always led him out to water and held the halter very tightly.

After a few weeks Prince liked the new home so well that he never wanted to go back to the old one again.

PEREZ THE MOUSE

BY PADRE LUIS COLOMA AND LADY MORETON

ONCE upon a time there lived a king called Bubi the First, who was very kind to poor children and mice. For the children he built a factory for making dolls and cardboard horses, for the benefit of the mice he made wise laws to stop cats catching them, and absolutely forbade the use of mouse-traps.

Bubi began to reign when he was only six years old, under the care of his mother, who was very good and clever, and who watched over him and guided his steps, as good children are guided by their Guardian Angel.

Bubi was a darling little boy, and when on great days they put on his gold crown and his embroidered robes, the gold of his crown was not brighter than his hair nor the ermine of his robes softer than his cheeks and hands. He was just like a little Dresden china figure which had been put to sit on a throne instead of standing on the chimney piece.

One day while the King was eating his bread and milk, one of his teeth began to wobble. There was a great fuss and the Court doctors arrived in a hurry. They were all agreed that His Majesty had

begun to change his teeth, and at length they settled to pull out the loose one. They wanted the King to have laughing gas, as he did when his hair was cut, as he always fidgeted so, but Bubi was a brave little boy and made up his mind to have it out with nothing. The oldest of the Court doctors tied a bit of red silk round the tooth, and then gave a tweak, and he pulled so cleverly that, while the King was making a face, out came the tooth as round and white as a little pearl.

Then there was another fuss as to what was to be done with it, but Bubi's mother, who, as we have said, was a very wise Queen and very loyal to old customs, settled that the King should write a very polite letter and put it with the tooth in an envelope under his pillow that night, which has always been the proper thing to do ever since the world began, and no one has ever known Perez the Mouse forget to come and fetch the tooth and leave a lovely present in its place.

King Bubi found writing that letter a dreadful task, but he managed really quite well in the end, and only inked all his fingers, the tip of his nose, his left ear, his right shoe and his bib.

He went to bed very early that evening, and ordered that all the lights should be left in his room. He put the envelope under his pillow and sat up in bed, determined to keep awake to see Perez the Mouse, even if he had to wait all night.

Perez the Mouse was a long time coming, so the little King began to make up a little speech to say to him when he did arrive. After a bit Bubi began to open his eyes very wide, fighting against the miller who was trying to make him shut them; but they did shut at last, and the little boy slipped down into the warm bed-clothes, his head on the pillow, with one arm over it, as a little bird tucks its head under its wing when it goes to sleep.

Suddenly he felt something very soft just tickling his forehead, and, sitting up quickly, he saw in front of him, standing on the pillow, a tiny little mouse in a straw hat and slippers and big gold spectacles; a red satchel was slung across his back.

King Bubi stared at him in astonishment, and Perez the Mouse, seeing that His Majesty was awake, took off his hat and made a very low bow, waiting to be spoken to. But the King said nothing, because he had quite forgotten all he had made up to say, and after thinking and thinking he faltered out at last "Good night." Perez answered with a low bow, "God give your Majesty a very good one." These civil speeches quite broke the ice, and the King and the mouse became the greatest friends. It was easy to see that Perez was a mouse who was accustomed to polite society, and to run about on soft carpets, as he had such very good manners. It was wonderful what a lot of things he could talk about which made him a very pleasant companion.

He had traveled through all the pipes and drains of the capital, and in the Royal Library alone he had eaten up three books in less than a week. He talked too about his family.

He had two quite grown-up daughters, Adelaide and Elvira, and a son, nearly grown-up, called Adolphus, who was studying for diplomacy in the drawer where the Minister of State kept his most secret notes. He did not say much about Mrs. Mouse, and the little King somehow fancied that she was rather vulgar.

His Majesty listened to all this with his mouth open, and from time to time he put out his hand to try and catch Perez by the tail. But each time the mouse gave a sort of whisk and placed his tail out of reach, without being in the least rude.

It was getting late, and the King forgot to dismiss him; so Mr. Mouse cleverly hinted that he had to go that same night to a street not far off to fetch the tooth of a very poor little boy called Giles. It was rather a difficult, dangerous journey, because near there lived a very wicked cat called Don Pedro. The King at once wanted to go too, and begged Perez to take him. The mouse stood thinking it over and twisting his whiskers; the responsibility was very great, and moreover he was obliged to go back to his own house to fetch the present for little Giles. The King said he would like to go and see the mouse's home, which so much flattered Perez that

he at once offered him a cup of tea and agreed to take him to see little Giles.

Perez the Mouse lived underneath a grocer's shop, near a big pile of Gruyère cheeses which supplied the whole family with breakfast, dinner and tea. Overjoyed, King Bubi jumped out of bed and began to dress himself, when all at once Perez the Mouse sprang on his shoulder and put the tip of his tail into His Majesty's nose. Then a wonderful thing happened, the King sneezed very hard and turned into the most darling little mouse you ever saw. He was all soft and shiny, and had wee green eyes like emeralds. Perez the Mouse took him by the paw and disappeared with him down a tiny hole under the bed, which had been hidden by the carpet.

The way was dark and sticky, but they scampered along. Sometimes Perez the Mouse stopped at some crossway and looked about before going on, which rather frightened the King and made him feel little shivers right down to the tip of his tail, and he knew that he was afraid, but he remembered that:

"Fear is natural to the prudent,
To conquer it is to be courageous,"

so he would not let himself be frightened, which is being really brave.

Once when he heard a tremendous noise, like dozens of motor omnibuses passing over his head, he

whispered to ask Perez if that was where Don Pedro lived, but Mr. Mouse said no with his tail, and on they went.

After going down a gentle slope they came to a big cellar which felt nice and warm and smelt very much of cheese; behind a pile of Gruyère cheeses they found themselves face to face with the Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin which was the home of the Perez family. Here they lived as happily as the rat of fable did in the Dutch cheese. Perez the Mouse introduced the King as a foreign tourist who was on a visit to the capital, and the family welcomed him very cordially. The two Miss Mouses were at work with their Governess, Miss Stilton, who was a very learned English mouse, and Mrs. Mouse was embroidering a beautiful smoking cap for her husband, sitting by a bright fire made of raisin stalks.

This happy family party delighted King Bubi. Adelaide and Elvira made tea and poured out some into lovely wee cups made out of the skins of white beans. Then they had a little music. Adelaide sang Desdemona's song, "O Willow Willow," in a way which much pleased the King, and Elvira recited about a little mouse who was ill of fever, and a naughty kitten who wanted to pounce on it. After this Adolphus came in from the Jockey Club where, to the sorrow of his father and mother, he wasted all his time playing cards with the mice from the foreign embassies.

King Bubi would willingly have stayed longer, but Perez, who had slipped away, came back with his satchel on his back and said it was time to start. So the King said good-by very politely, and Mrs. Mouse gave him a kiss on each cheek in her homely way. Adelaide put out a paw in a lackadaisical fashion, and Elvira shook hands like a pump handle, while Miss Stilton made him a beautiful cheese of a curtsey, and then stared at him through her eyeglass until he was out of sight. Adolphus, too, was very gushing, and conducted him as far as the lid of the tin, and offered to introduce him at the Polo Club, for which the King thanked him very much, thinking all the time that, though he might be a very smart young mouse, he was rather a bore. Then Bubi and Perez the Mouse again began their scamper with such a quantity of precautions that the King was astonished.

In front of them went a regiment of ferocious mice, soldiers whose bayonets made of fine needles gleamed in the darkness. Behind them came a second regiment, also armed to the teeth.

Perez the Mouse then confessed that he would not have undertaken this expedition without these soldiers to protect the person of the young monarch.

All of a sudden King Bubi saw the guard in front had disappeared down a little hole, through which came a faint light.

This was the moment of danger. Perez the Mouse, slowly waggling his tail from side to side, put his

head very cautiously through the hole and looked around; he then went back two steps, and finally, suddenly seizing the King's paw, dashed through the hole like an arrow, crossed a big kitchen, and disappeared through another hole on the opposite side near the range. As one sees telegraph posts out of the train so Bubi saw that kitchen. By the hearth, in the glow of the fire, lay an enormous cat, the dreadful Don Pedro, its great whiskers heaving up and down as it breathed.

The guards silently formed up, from hole to hole, ready to fire, to protect the King's route from the sleeping cat. It was all very grand and imposing. An ugly old woman sat in a chair, also asleep, with her knitting on her knee.

Once through the hole the danger was over, and they had only to get upstairs, as this was where little Giles lived. Everything was open in his poor room, which was all cracks and draughts.

King Bubi scrambled on to the arm of a seatless chair, the only one in the room, and from there could see a picture of poverty such as he had never dreamt of.

The sloping roof joined the floor, so that on one side a man could not have stood upright, and through the holes the cold air of dawn was coming, while icicles hung from the roof. The only furniture besides the chair was an empty bread basket hanging up, and in a corner a bed of straw and rags, on which

little Giles and his mother were lying fast asleep.

Perez the Mouse drew nearer, taking the King by the paw, and they could see how little Giles was huddled up in the rags, and how he was cuddled up against his mother for warmth, and it made the King so unhappy that he began to cry. Why had he never known that people were so poor? How was it that he had never been told that children were hungry and had to sleep on horrid beds? He did not want any blankets on his cot till every child in his kingdom had plenty of bed-clothes to keep them warm.

Perez the Mouse brushed away a tear with his paw and then tried to comfort the King by showing him the bright gold coin he was going to put under little Giles' pillow in exchange for his first tooth.

Just then Giles' mother woke and sat up in bed and looked at her little boy, who was still asleep. It was becoming light, and she had to earn some money by washing clothes in the river. She caught the sleeping Giles in her arms and made him kneel down under a picture of the Infant Christ which was pinned to the wall near the bed.

The King and Perez the Mouse knelt down too, and so did the soldier mice who were waiting in the empty bread basket. The child began to pray, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Bubi started and looked at Perez the Mouse, who understood his astonishment, and fixed his piercing eyes on him, but never said a single word.

On the return journey they were silent and preoccupied, and half an hour later the King was home in his nursery with Perez the Mouse, who again put the tip of his tail into Bubi's nose and made him sneeze. All at once he found himself safely back again in his own warm little cot, with the Queen's arms round him, who woke him, as she always did, with a kiss.

At first he thought it had all been a dream; but when he looked for the letter he had put under his pillow, he found it was gone, and in its place was a case with the Order of the Golden Fleece in diamonds, a magnificent present from the generous Perez the Mouse in exchange for his first tooth. (Perhaps I had better explain to English children that in King Bubi's country the Order of the Golden Fleece is like our Order of the Garter, the greatest honor the King can give.)

The little King, however, paid no attention to his beautiful present, and let it lie unnoticed on the bed, while, leaning on his elbow, he lay very busy thinking. Then, suddenly, he asked the Queen in a very solemn voice, "Mamma! Why do poor children say the same prayer as I do, 'Our Father which art in Heaven'?" The Queen answered, "Because He is as much their Father as He is yours." Then said the King thoughtfully, "We must be brothers." "Yes, my darling, they are your brothers," answered the Queen. Bubi's eyes were filled with astonishment,

and, in a choky voice, he asked, "Then why am I a King and have everything I want, while they are poor and have nothing?"

The Queen gave him a squeeze, and, kissing him again on his forehead, said, "Because you are the eldest brother, which is what being King really means. You understand, darling? God has given you everything in order that your younger brothers should want for nothing."

"I never knew this before," said Bubi, shaking his head, and, without thinking any more about his present, he began to say his prayers, as he did every morning; and, as he prayed, it seemed to him that all the poor little boys in the kingdom came round him with their hands clasped, and that he, the eldest brother, spoke for them all when he prayed "Our Father which art in Heaven."

King Bubi grew up to be a great soldier. He always asked God's help in all he did, and returned thanks for his happiness, ever saying, speaking for all his subjects, poor and rich, good and bad, "Our Father which art in Heaven"; and when he died, a very old man, and his good soul arrived at the gates of Heaven, he knelt down and prayed as usual, "Our Father." And, as he prayed, the gates were opened wide by thousands of poor little children to whom he had been King, that is to say, eldest brother here on earth.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

BY HANS ANDERSEN

THE country was looking beautiful. It was summer; the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay stood in stacks on the green meadows, and the stork strutted about on his long red legs chattering Egyptian, for he had learned that language from his mother. All around the fields and meadows there were large forests, and in the middle of these forests deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country. In the sunshine one could see an old country-seat surrounded by deep canals, and from the wall, right down to the water, there grew large burdock leaves, which were so high that little children could stand upright under the tallest. It was as wild there as in the thickest wood.

A Duck, who was hatching her young, sat on her nest here, but she got very tired of waiting for the young ones to come. She rarely had visitors, for the other Ducks preferred swimming about in the canals to waddling up and sitting down under a burdock leaf to gossip with her.

At last one egg cracked after another. *Tchick, tchick!*—all the yolks were alive, and the little heads peeped out.

"Quack, quack!" said the Duck; so they all hurried up as fast as they could, and looked about on all sides under the green leaves. Their mother let them look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is!" said all the little ones; for, of course, they had much more room now than in the egg.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Why, that stretches far beyond the other side of the garden, right into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I suppose you are all here?" she continued, getting up. "No, you are not; the largest egg is still lying here. How long will this last? I'm getting tired of it!"

And so saying she sat down again.

"Well, how are you getting on?" said an old Duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

"This egg takes such a long time," answered the mother; "it will not break. But just look at the others! Are they not the daintiest ducklings that ever were seen? They all look like their father, the rascal—he doesn't come to pay me a visit."

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old Duck. "Depend upon it, it is a Turkey's egg. I was once deceived in the same way myself, and had a lot of trouble and bother with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. I couldn't get them into it; I quacked at them and I hacked at them, but

it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that is a Turkey's egg. Let it alone and rather teach the other little ones to swim."

"I'll just sit on it a little while longer," said the Duck; "having sat so long now, I may as well sit a few days more."

"As you like," said the old Duck, and went away.

At last the big egg broke.

"Tweet, tweet!" said the young one, creeping out.

It was very big and ugly. The Duck looked at it.

"That's a mighty big duckling," said she. "None of the others look like that. Could it be that he is a young Turkey-cock? Well, we shall soon get to know that; he will have to go into the water, if I must push him in myself."

The next day the weather was gloriously fine; the sun shone down on all the green leaves, and the mother Duck went down to the canal with her whole family. She sprang with a splash into the water; and as she went, "Quack, quack!" one Duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they soon came up again, and swam beautifully; their legs moved by themselves, and all were in the water. Even the ugly little gray one was swimming too.

"No, he is not a Turkey," said the Duck. "Look how beautifully he moves his legs, and how upright he holds himself—he is my own child. And if you only look at him properly, he is really very pretty.

Quack, quack! Come with me! I will take you into society, and introduce you to the duck-yard; but mind you always keep near me, so that no one treads on you. And beware of the Cat."

So they came into the duck-yard. There was a terrible noise inside, for there were two families who were fighting about the head of an eel; and, after all, the Cat got it.

"You see, such is the way of the world," said the mother Duck, sharpening her beak; for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Now, use your legs," said she; "try to hurry along. Bend your necks before the old Duck there—she is the most distinguished of all here. She is of Spanish blood; that is why she is so fat. And you see she has a red rag round her leg. That is something extremely grand, and the greatest distinction a duck can attain; it is as much as to say that they don't want her to get lost, and that she may be recognized by man and beast. Hurry up! Don't turn your feet inward; a well-educated Duckling turns his feet outward as much as possible, just like his father and mother. Look, like that! Now bend your neck and say 'Quack!' "

And they did as she told them.

But the other Ducks all around looked at them and said, quite loud: "Look there! Now we are to have that lot too; as if we were not enough already! And, fie! how ugly that one Duckling is; we will not stand that!"

And one of the Ducks immediately flew at him, and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," quacked the mother. "He is doing no one any harm."

"Yes, but he is too big and strange-looking," said the Duck who had bitten him; "and therefore he must be whacked."

"They are pretty children which the mother has," said the old Duck with the rag round her leg; "they are all fine, except one, which has turned out badly. I wish she could hatch him over again."

"That cannot be, Your Highness," said the Duckling's mother. "He is not handsome, but he has a very good heart, and swims as beautifully as any other; indeed, I may say, somewhat better. I think he will grow prettier and get to look a little smaller in time. He has lain too long in the egg, and therefore not received the right shape." And with this she scratched the little one's neck and smoothed his feathers. "Besides," she said, "he is a drake, and therefore it does not matter so much. I think he will become very strong and fight his way through the world."

"The other Ducklings are very pretty," said the old Duck. "Pray make yourselves at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

So now they felt at home. But the poor Duckling who had been the last to leave his shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pushed, and made a fool of, and

that by the Hens as well as by the Ducks. "He is too big," they all said; and the Turkey-cock, who had come into the world with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore down upon him, gobbling and getting quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know where to stand or where to go; he was distressed at being so ugly and the jest of the whole duck-yard.

So passed the first day, and afterward things grew worse and worse. The poor Duckling was chased about by all; even his sisters were unkind to him, and kept on saying, "If only the Cat would catch you, you hideous creature!" And his mother said, "Would that you were far away!" The Ducks bit him, the Hens beat him, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

So he ran and flew over the hedge, frightening away the little birds in the bushes. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the Duckling, closing his eyes, but running on just the same. So he came to a great moor, where some Wild Ducks lived; here he lay the whole night, being tired and sorrowful.

Toward morning the Wild Ducks flew up and gazed at their new comrade.

"Pray, who are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in all directions, and greeted them as well as he could.

"You are exceptionally ugly!" said the Wild Ducks; "but that does not matter to us as long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! He was really not thinking of marrying, but only wanted permission to lie among the reeds and drink a little moor water. So he lay two whole days. Then two Wild Geese, or rather Ganders, came by; they had not long crept out of their shell, and that is why they were so bold.

"Listen, comrade," said they; "you are rather ugly, but we like you very well. Will you come with us?"

"Bang! bang!" went a gun, and the two Wild Ganders fell down dead among the reeds, and the water became red with their blood. "Bang! Bang!" came again, and whole flocks of Wild Geese flew up out of the reeds. Once more came a shot. There was a great hunting party going on, and the huntsmen were lying all round the moor; some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which stretched far out over the reeds. The blue smoke dispersed itself into the thick trees and far out over the water, like clouds; the hounds came splashing across the moor, the reeds and the rushes bending in all directions. What a fright the poor Duckling was in! He turned his head to put it under his wing, but at the same moment a terribly large Dog stood quite close to him, his tongue hanging far out of his mouth, his eyes gleaming angrily, hideously. Cran-

ing forward straight at the Duckling, he showed his sharp teeth, and—*splash! splash!* he was gone again, without touching him.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" sighed the Duckling; "I am so ugly that even the Dog will not bite me."

And so he lay still while the shots whistled through the reeds, one report following another.

It was late in the day before all was quiet, but the poor little one did not dare to stir even then; he waited several hours more before he looked round, and then hurried away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, though there was such a storm raging that it was difficult for him to get along at all.

In the evening he reached a wretched little peasant's hut; it was in such bad repair that it did not know itself on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing. The wind whistled so round the Duckling that he was obliged to sit down in order to withstand it; and it grew worse and worse. He then noticed that the door had fallen from one of its hinges, and hung so to one side that he could creep into the room through the gap, which he did.

Here lived a woman with her Cat and her Hen. The Cat, whom she called her little son, could put his back up and purr; he could even give out sparks, but that was only when he was stroked the wrong way. The Hen had very small short legs and was therefore called "Chickling Short-legs." She laid

good eggs, and the woman loved her like her own child.

The next morning they immediately noticed the strange Duckling, and the Cat began to purr and the Hen to cluck.

"What's the matter?" said the woman, looking round; but she could not see well, and took the Duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. "That's indeed a rare catch," said she. "Now I can have duck's eggs. I hope it's not a drake. That we must find out."

And so the Duckling was taken on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came.

The Cat was master in the house, and the Hen was mistress, and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they believed themselves to be the half, and by far the better half too. The Duckling thought that it was possible to be of another opinion; but that the Hen would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, then you will have the goodness to be quiet."

And the Cat said, "Can you set your back up, purr and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you may have no opinion when reasonable people are speaking."

So the Duckling sat in the corner and was in a

bad humor. Then the fresh air and the sunshine came in to him, and excited in him such a strong desire to swim on the water that he could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, and that is why you get these fancies. Either lay eggs or purr, and then they will pass away."

"But it is so nice to swim on the water," said the Duckling; "so delightful to let it close over your head and to dive to the bottom!"

"Well, that seems a fine pleasure!" said the Hen. "I think you must be mad. Ask the Cat—he is the wisest creature I know—whether he likes to swim on the water or to dive under. I won't speak of myself. Ask even our mistress, the old woman; there is no one in the world wiser than she. Do you think she has a longing to swim and to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who then would be able to understand you? I don't suppose you pretend to be wiser than the Cat and the old woman—I won't speak of myself at all. Don't get silly things into your head, child; and be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not come into a warm room, and are you not in the society of those from whom you can learn something? But you are a fool, and it is disagreeable to have

anything to do with you. Believe me, I wish you well. I tell you unpleasant things, and it is in this way that one's real friends may be known. Only learn to lay eggs or to purr and send out sparks."

"I think I shall go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Well, do so," said the Hen.

So the Duckling went. He swam upon the water, he dived down, but none of the animals took any notice of him, on account of his ugliness.

The autumn now came; the leaves in the wood turned yellow and brown; the wind caught them and made them dance about; and up in the air it was very cold. The clouds were heavy with hail and snowflakes, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked with cold; indeed, it made one shiver only to think of it. The poor Duckling had by no means a good time. One evening—there was a glorious sunset—a flock of beautiful large birds came out of a thicket. The Duckling had never seen such handsome ones; they were of dazzling whiteness, with long slender necks—they were Swans. Uttering a peculiar cry, they spread their long splendid wings and flew away out of the cold region to warmer countries and open seas.

They rose so high that a strange feeling came over the ugly young Duckling. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck high up in the air after them, and uttered such a loud

and peculiar cry that he was quite frightened by it himself! Oh! he could not forget the beautiful, happy birds; when he could see them no longer he dived down to the bottom; and on coming up again he was almost beside himself. He did not know what the birds were called, nor whither they were flying; yet he loved them as he had never loved any one before. He did not envy them at all. How could it occur to him to wish himself such loveliness as that? He would have been quite happy, if only the Ducks had suffered him to be among them—the poor, ugly creature!

The winter became cold, very cold. The Duckling was obliged to swim about in the water to prevent it from freezing over entirely; but every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the ice cracked; the Duckling was obliged to use his legs continually, so that the hole should not close up. At last he got tired, lay quite still, and froze fast in the ice.

Early the next morning a peasant came by, and, seeing what had happened, went up, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. There he revived.

The children wanted to play with him; but the Duckling thought they wished to do him some harm, and in his terror he jumped right into the milk-pail, so that the milk flew about the room. The farmer's

wife clapped her hands at him, upon which he flew into the butter-vat, then down into the meal tub, and out again. What a sight he looked! The woman screamed and struck at him with the tongs; the children, all laughing and screaming, knocked each other down in trying to catch him. It was a good thing for him that the door was open, and that he could slip out among the bushes into the freshly fallen snow. There he lay, quite worn out.

But it would be too sad to relate all the trouble and misery that came to the poor Duckling during the severe winter. He was lying on the moor among the reeds when the sun began to shine warmly again. The larks were singing. It was beautiful spring.

Then once more the Duckling was able to use his wings; they were much stronger, and carried him along more swiftly; and before he was aware of it, he found himself in a large garden, where an elder-tree scented the air, and bent its long green branches down to the winding canal. Oh, what beauty, what freshness was here! And out of the thicket came three splendid white Swans; they ruffled their feathers and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and was seized with a strange sadness.

"I will fly to them, to those royal birds! And they will kill me, because I, who am so ugly, dare to come near them. Better to be killed by them than to be

bitten by the Ducks, beaten by the Hens, kicked by the girl who minds the poultry-yard, and to suffer so much in winter!"

So he flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful Swans. They saw him, and came sailing down upon him with outstretched wings.

"Only kill me," said the poor creature, bowing his head to the level of the water and awaiting his death.

But what did he see in the clear water? He saw beneath him his own image, no longer an awkward dark-gray bird, ugly and deformed, but a Swan himself!

It matters little whether one has been born in a duck-yard so long as one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

He felt quite happy at having suffered so much trouble and care. Now only could he rightly value the good fortune that greeted him. And the large Swans swam round him and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water. The youngest one cried, "There is a new one!" and the other children also shouted with glee, "Yes, a new one has come!" And they danced about and clapped their hands. They ran to their father and mother, and bread and cake were thrown into the water, while every one said, "The new one is the most beautiful

of all! He is so young and handsome!" And the old Swans bowed down before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and put his head under his wing; he really did not know what to do. He was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He remembered how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard every one saying that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. Even the elder-tree bowed down before him till its branches touched the water; and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and from the bottom of his heart joyfully exclaimed:

"I never even dreamed of such happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES

BY GRIMM

I

THE GOAT

THERE was once a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second was called Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people. The youngest was called Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes; the third eye was in the middle of her forehead.

Because Little Two Eyes looked like other people, her sisters and her mother could not bear her. They said:

"You have two eyes and are no better than anybody else. You do not belong to us." They knocked her about, and gave her shabby clothes, and fed her with food left over from their meals.

One day Little Two Eyes was sent into the fields to look after the goat. She was hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat, and she sat down and began to cry. She cried so hard that a little

stream of tears ran out of each eye. All at once a wise woman stood near her, and asked:

"Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

Little Two Eyes said:

"Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes, like other people, my sisters and my mother cannot bear me. They knock me about and they give me shabby clothes. They feed me only with the food left over from their table. To-day they have given me so little that I am very hungry."

The wise woman said:

"Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you what to do. Only say to your goat: 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and a table will stand before you, covered with food. Eat as much as you like. When you have had all you want, only say: 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away,' and it will be gone." Then the wise woman disappeared. Little Two Eyes thought:

"I must try at once, for I am too hungry to wait." So she said:

"Little goat, bleat; little table, rise," and there stood before her a little table covered with a white cloth. On it were laid a plate, knife and fork, and silver spoon. The nicest food was on the plate, smoking hot. Then Little Two Eyes began to eat, and found the food very good. When she had had enough, she said:

"Little goat, bleat; little table, away." In an instant the table was gone.

"That is a fine way to keep house," thought Little Two Eyes.

At the end of the day Little Two Eyes drove her goat home. She found a dish with some food in it. Her sisters had put it aside for her, but she did not taste it. She did not need it.

The next day she went out again with her goat, and did not take the few crusts which her sisters put aside for her. This went on for several days. At last her sisters said to each other:

"All is not right with Little Two Eyes. She always leaves her food. She used to eat all that was given her. She must have found some other way to be fed."

They meant to find out what Little Two Eyes did. So the next time that Little Two Eyes set out, Little One Eye came to her and said:

"I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the best pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said:

"Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down and I will sing to you." Little One Eye sat down. She was tired after her long walk in the hot sun, and Little Two Eyes began to sing:—

"Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep,

Little One Eye? Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye? Are you awake? Are you asleep? Awake? Asleep?" By this time Little One Eye had shut her one eye and was fast asleep. When Little Two Eyes saw this, she said softly:

"Little goat, bleat; little table, rise"; and she sat at the table and ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said as before:

"Little goat, bleat; little table, away," and in a twinkling all was gone.

Little Two Eyes now awoke Little One Eye, and said:

"Little One Eye, why do you not watch? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run all over the world. Come! let us go home."

So home they went, and Little Two Eyes again did not touch the dish. The others asked Little One Eye what Little Two Eyes did in the field. But she could only say:

"Oh, I fell asleep out there."

II

THE TREE

The next day, the mother said to Little Three Eyes:

"This time *you* must go with Little Two Eyes, and

see if any one brings her food and drink." Then Little Three Eyes said to Little Two Eyes:

"I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the best pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said:

"Come, Little Three Eyes, we will sit down, and I will sing to you." Little Three Eyes sat down. She was tired after her long walk in the hot sun, and Little Two Eyes began to sing, as before:

"Are you awake, Little Three Eyes?" but instead of going on: "Are you asleep, Little Three Eyes?" she did not think, and sang:

"Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes?" and went on:

"Are you awake, Little Three Eyes? Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes? Are you awake? Are you asleep? Awake? Asleep? By this time the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep. But the third eye did not go to sleep, for it was not spoken to by the verse. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe that it went to sleep. Then she opened it a little way and watched Little Two Eyes.

When Little Two Eyes thought Little Three Eyes was fast asleep, she said softly:

"Little goat, bleat; little table, rise"; and she sat at the table and ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said as before:

"Little goat, bleat; little table, away." But Little Three Eyes had seen everything. Little Two Eyes now woke Little Three Eyes, and said:

"Little Three Eyes, why do you not watch? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run all over the world. Come! let us go home."

So home they went, and Little Two Eyes again did not touch the dish. Then Little Three Eyes said to the mother:

"I know why the proud thing does not eat. She says to the goat: 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and there stands a table before her. It is covered with the very best of things to eat, much better than anything we have. When she has had enough to eat, she says: 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away,' and all is gone. I have seen it just as it is. She put two of my eyes to sleep, but the one in my forehead stayed awake." Then the mother cried out:

"Shall she be better off than we are?" With that she took a knife and killed the goat. Poor Little Two Eyes went to the field, and sat down and began to cry. All at once the wise woman stood near her, and asked:

"Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?" Little Two Eyes said:

"Have I not need to cry? My mother has killed the goat. Now I must suffer hunger and thirst again." The wise woman said:

"Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell

you what to do. Beg your sisters to give you the heart of the goat. Then bury it in the ground before the door of the house. All will go well with you." Then the wise woman was gone, and Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters:

"Sisters, give me some part of my goat. I do not ask for anything but the heart." They laughed, and said:

"You can have that, if you do not want anything else."

Little Two Eyes took the heart and buried it in the ground before the door of the house.

Next morning the sisters woke and saw a splendid tree in front of the house. It had leaves of silver and fruit of gold. It was wonderful to behold; and they could not think how the tree had come there in the night. Only Little Two Eyes knew that the tree had grown out of the heart of the goat. Then the mother said to Little One Eye:

"Climb up, my child, and pluck some fruit from the tree." Little One Eye climbed the tree. She put out her hand to take a golden apple, but the branch sprang back. This took place every time. Try as hard as she could, she could not get a single apple. Then the mother said:

"Little Three Eyes, you climb up. You can see better with your three eyes than Little One Eye can." Down came Little One Eye, and Little Three Eyes climbed the tree. She put out her hand, and the

"THE PRINCE CAME RIDING ON A FINE HORSE"

branch sprang back as it had from Little One Eye. At last the mother tried, but it was the same with her. She could not get a single apple. Then Little Two Eyes said:

"Let me try."

"You!" they all cried. "You, with your two eyes like other people! What can you do?" But Little Two Eyes climbed the tree, and the branch did not spring back. The golden apples dropped into her hands, and she brought down her apron full of them. Her mother took them away from her, and her two sisters were angry because they had failed, and they were more cruel than ever to Little Two Eyes.

III

THE PRINCE

While they stood by the tree, the Prince came riding near on a fine horse.

"Quick, Little Two Eyes," said her sisters, "creep under this cask; we are ashamed of you." And they threw an empty cask over her, and pushed the golden apples under it.

The Prince rode up and gazed at the splendid tree. "Is this splendid tree yours?" he asked of the sisters. "If you will give me a branch from it, I will give you anything you wish."

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes said

the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. They put out their hands, but again the branches sprang back. Then the Prince said:

"This is very strange. The tree is yours, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit."

They kept on saying that the tree was theirs, but while they were saying this, Little Two Eyes rolled a few of the apples out from under the cask. The Prince saw them, and asked:

"Why! where did these golden apples come from? Who is under the cask?" Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes told the Prince that they had a sister.

"But she does not show herself," they said. "She is just like other people. She has two eyes." Then the Prince called:

"Little Two Eyes! Come out!" So Little Two Eyes was very glad and crept out from under the cask.

"Can you get me a branch from the tree?"

"Yes," said Little Two Eyes, "I can, for the tree is mine." Then she climbed the tree and broke off a branch. It had silver leaves and golden fruit, and she gave it to the Prince. Then the Prince said:

"Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it?"

"Oh," said Little Two Eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst all day long. If you would take me with you, I should be happy."

So the Prince lifted Little Two Eyes upon his

horse, and they rode away. He took her to his father's house and made her Princess, and she had plenty to eat and drink and good clothes to wear. Best of all, the Prince loved her, and she had no more hard knocks and cross words.

Now, when Little Two Eyes rode away with the Prince, the sisters said:

"Well, we shall have the tree. We may not pluck the fruit, but every one will stop to see it and come to us and praise it." But the next morning when they went to look at the tree, it was gone.

Little Two Eyes lived long and happily. One day, two poor women came to her, and asked for something to eat. Little Two Eyes looked at their faces and knew them. They were Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes. They were so poor that they were begging bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes brought them into the house and was very good to them. Then they both were sorry for the evil they had once done their sister.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

BY GRIMM

NOT far from a large forest there once lived a poor woodcutter with his two children, a little boy named Hansel and a girl called Gretel. Hansel and Gretel loved each other dearly, and were never happy except when they were together.

All went very well in this little cottage near the forest, until one day the father brought home a wife, to be a mother to the children. She proved to be a cruel, heartless woman, and Hansel and Gretel lived in constant fear of her.

Now, it happened that soon after the stepmother came to live at the cottage, the woodcutter became very poor, and had nothing in the world he could call his own; indeed, he had scarcely bread enough for his wife and the two children to eat. And at last the time came when even that was gone, and he knew not where to seek for help in his need. As he lay in bed at night, turning this way and that, restless because of his trouble, he said to his wife:

"What will become of us? How shall we feed our children when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Ah," answered she, "I have a plan. We will lead them away, quite early in the morning, into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire and give each of them a little piece of bread. Then we will go to our work and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be free of them."

"No, no!" said the husband. "That I can never do! How can you bring your heart to leave the children all alone in the forest, where the wild beasts would soon tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she. "If you will not do as I say, we shall all four starve to death!"

And she let him have no peace until he agreed to her plan.

"Ah, but I shall regret the two children!" he sighed.

Hansel and Gretel, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger; and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father.

Gretel wept bitterly.

"What will become of us?" sobbed she.

Hansel crept up to her bedside.

"Do not be afraid, dear Gretel," he whispered softly. "I will find some way to help us."

Then, as soon as his parents had fallen asleep, he put on his jacket, unbarred the door, and slipped out.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the white

pebbles which lay before the cottage door seemed like silver-pieces, so brightly did they glitter. Hansel stooped down and picked up as many as his pockets would hold; and then he slipped back into the house.

"Now, dear sister," said he, "rest in peace"; and he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the woodcutter's wife came and woke them.

"Get up, you lazy children!" she said. "We are going into the forest to cut wood. Here is a piece of bread for each of you, but take care of it and keep some for the afternoon!"

Gretel took the bread and carried it in her apron, for Hansel had his pockets full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way.

When they had gone a short distance, Hansel stood still and looked back toward the house; and after a little while he did this again; and again, and again.

"Hansel," his father said, "why do you keep turning and lagging behind so? Move your legs on a little faster."

"Ah, Father," Hansel replied, "I am looking at my white cat that sits on the roof, and wants to say good-by to me."

"You simpleton!" exclaimed the wife. "That is not your cat. It is only the morning sun shining on the chimney-top."

Now Hansel had not been looking at the cat,

but had all the while been staying behind to drop from his pocket one white pebble after another along the road.

When they came into the middle of the forest, the father told the children to gather some wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold.

So they piled up a little heap of brushwood, and set it afire; and as the flames leaped up high, the stepmother said:

"Now, you children, lie by the fire and rest yourselves, while we go and cut wood in the forest. When we are ready, I will come and call you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fireside till the afternoon, and then they ate their two pieces of bread. They believed their father was still in the forest, for they thought they could hear the blows of an ax; but it was only a bough which the stepmother had cunningly hung upon a tree, so that the wind blew it backward and forward and it sounded like an ax as it hit the other boughs. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed, from weariness and hunger, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke, it was quite dark.

Gretel began to cry.

"How shall we get out of the woods?" she wailed.

"Wait till the moon rises," Hansel said. "Then we can quickly find the way."

And when the moon rose, he took her by the hand;

and there lay the pebbles along the ground, glittering like new pieces of silver, and showing them the path. All night long they walked on; and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and the wife opened it.

"You wicked children!" she exclaimed. "Why did you sleep so long in the woods? We thought you were never coming home again."

But their father was very glad to see them, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterward there was again very little bread in the house; and one night the children overheard their stepmother saying to their father:

"There is only half a loaf of bread left. The children found their way back once, but to-morrow you must take them so deep into the forest that they may not find their way out again—or else we shall all be starved."

It saddened the husband's heart to do as the wife wished. "It would be better to share our last crust with the children," he thought; but, once having done as she said, he dare not now refuse.

When the children had heard all their plans, Hansel got up quietly, intending to pick up pebbles as before; but when he reached the door he found that his stepmother had locked it, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Gretel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in peace; God is very kind and will help us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave each of them a slice of bread, which was even smaller than the former piece.

Upon the road Hansel crumbled his in his pocket, and often stood still and dropped a crumb upon the ground.

"Why do you lag so behind, Hansel?" said his father. "Come on a little faster!"

"I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "sitting on the roof and nodding good-by to me."

"Simpleton!" said the wife. "That is no dove. It is only the morning sun shining on the chimney-top."

But Hansel kept on crumbling his bread and throwing it upon the ground.

And thus they went still farther into the woods, where they had never been before in all their life. There they were again told to sit down beside a large fire and rest; and the woodcutter's wife said that she would come in the evening and fetch them away.

In the afternoon, Hansel shared Gretel's bread, because he had crumbled all his upon the road; but the day passed away, and the evening passed away too, and no one came to the poor children.

When it grew dark, and Gretel began to cry, Hansel comforted her.

"Only wait, till the moon comes out. Then we

shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home."

The moon rose; but when Hansel looked for the crumbs, they were gone, for thousands of little birds in the woods had found them and picked them up.

Hansel, however, kept saying to Gretel, "We will soon find the way." But they did not, although they walked the whole night long and the next day, until at last they lay down and fell fast asleep for weariness. Another day they wandered on, deeper and deeper into the wilderness, and they were as hungry as could be, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes.

In the afternoon of the third day they came upon a strange little hut, made of bread, with a roof of cake, and windows of sparkling sugar.

"Now we will sit down and eat till we have had enough," said Hansel. "I shall eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the windows: they will be nice and sweet."

So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, while Gretel stepped up to the window and began to bite it.

Suddenly a sweet voice called from within the hut:

"Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?"

"The wind, the wind that blows through the air," the children answered; and went on eating.

When Gretel broke out a round pane of the win-

dow for herself, and Hansel tore off a large piece of cake from the roof, the door of the hut suddenly opened, and a very old and ugly woman came hobbling out.

At this, Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman nodded her head and tried to smile.

"Ah, you dear children," she said, "what has brought you here? Come in with me; you shall have something good."

She took them both by the hand, and led them into her hut. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples and nuts, was spread for them on the table; and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Gretel presently laid themselves down, and thought they were surely in heaven. The old woman behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked Witch and had made her pretty sweetmeat house in order to entrap little children; as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day.

Early in the morning, before Hansel and Gretel were awake, she went to their beds, and when she saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, she mumbled to herself, "They will make a good bite!"

Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him in a cage with a lattice door; and although he screamed loudly, it was of no use.

The old Witch then shook Gretel till she woke, saying to her, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch me some water! Then go into the kitchen and cook something good to eat; your brother is shut up yonder to be fattened, and then I shall eat him."

So Hansel was kept in the coop and fed on all kinds of dainties to make him fat; but Gretel got nothing else but a crab's claw. And every day the old Witch went to the grating and told Hansel to put out his finger so that she might see how fat he was getting. But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that he did not get more fat.

When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience and would not wait any longer.

"Make the fire ready," she said to Gretel, "for I must eat Hansel to-day."

Poor Gretel was full of grief, but she had to do as the old Witch told her.

Now the Witch really intended to eat Gretel first and Hansel afterward. In that way she thought she might have a full meal. So as soon as the oven was hot, she pushed Gretel toward it.

"Creep in," she said, "and see if it is hot enough for cooking."

But Gretel knew that the old woman meant to shut her up in the oven and let her bake.

"I do not know how to do it," she said. "How can I get in?"

"You stupid goose!" the old Witch exclaimed. "The opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" And she got up and put her head into the oven.

Gretel quickly gave her a hard push, so that she fell right in. Then the little girl slammed the iron door tight, and bolted it, and ran quickly to Hansel's cage.

"We are saved! The old Witch is dead!" she cried, as she set him free.

And they were so happy that they danced gaily for a full half hour. Then, being no longer frightened, they went into the hut, and in every corner they found chests full of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pockets as they would hold.

"I will take some home too," said Gretel, and filled her apron.

Then they started off, hand in hand, to get out of that enchanted forest; but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large body of water.

"We cannot get over," said Hansel; "I see no bridge at all."

"And there is no boat either," said Gretel. "But there swims a white duck. I will ask her to help us over."

She ran to the edge of the water and sang:

"Little Duck, good little Duck,
Hansel and Gretel, here we stand;
There is neither boat nor bridge;
Take us on your back to land."

Immediately the Duck came to them, and Hansel sat himself upon it, and bade his sister sit behind him.

"No," she said; "that will be too much for the Duck. She shall take us over one at a time."

This the good little bird did; and when they were on the other shore and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew better every step they took; and at last they saw their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell upon their father's neck.

The poor woodcutter had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest. Day after day he had mourned them; and now that their cruel stepmother was dead, he wished more than ever that he had Hansel and Gretel with him again in their little cottage.

When the door burst open and he found himself in his children's arms, he could hardly believe his great joy.

"Oh, my children!" he cried, and gathered them to him.

"But see, Father, what we have brought you!" they said a few minutes later.

Gretel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor; and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pockets.

Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together ever after in great happiness.

CINDERELLA

BY CHARLES PERRAULT

ONCE upon a time, in the long, long ago, there was a certain rich man whose wife had died and left him an only daughter, who was both fair of face and sweet of temper.

Now, this rich man had loved his wife very dearly; and he felt so sad and lonely without her that he resolved to marry again, thinking that a new wife would bring happiness to him and his little daughter. Unfortunately, however, the second wife turned out to be the proudest and most haughty woman in the world; and when she came to live with the rich man, she brought her own two daughters, who, while beautiful to look at, were mean and wicked at heart.

Then a sad time began in the poor stepchild's life.

"Shall she sit in the parlor with us?" asked the two daughters. "They who would eat bread must first earn it! Send her out with the kitchen maid!"

So they took off her fine clothes, dressed her in rags, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. Then they laughed at her and sent her out to the kitchen, where she had to work hard from morning till night; she had to rise very early, before daylight, to make

the fire, to fetch the water, to cook, and to scour. Besides, the sisters annoyed her in every way they could, even scattering the peas and the beans into the ashes so that she had to pick them out again. And when night came and the poor girl was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because this made her dusty and dirty they called her Cinderella—which meant "little cinders."

One day it happened that the father was going to the fair, and he asked his wife's daughters what he should bring them when he returned.

"Some beautiful dresses!" said one.

"Pearls and precious stones!" said the other.

Then he turned to his own little daughter.

"And you, Cinderella—what will you have?" asked he.

"The first bough, Father, that brushes against your hat on your way home; break it off and bring it to me."

So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two stepdaughters; and on his way home, as he rode through a wood, a hazel-bough touched his hat, and he broke it off and carried it home to Cinderella. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave she planted the bough on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Three times every day, Cinderella went to

it and wept; and each time a little white bird flew about the tree; and if she wished aloud, then the little bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

Now it chanced that the King of the land held a great feast, which was to last three days, and from among all those who attended, his son was to choose a bride.

When the stepdaughters heard that they had been invited, they were very glad, for each one thought the Prince would surely choose her.

"Come, Cinderella!" said they. "Comb out our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles; for we are going to the feast at the King's palace."

Cinderella did as she was told. But she could not help crying; for she, too, wished very much to go to this royal ball. At last she begged her stepmother to let her go.

"You!" said the haughty stepmother. "Why, you are covered with dust and dirt; you have no clothes or shoes—and how could you dance!"

But when Cinderella begged so hard, the stepmother said, to get rid of her, "Well, I will throw this tubful of beans into the ashes; if you have picked out every one of them inside of an hour, you shall go."

Then she threw the beans into the ashes and went back to her daughters and, laughing, told them what she had done.

But Cinderella ran out the back door into the garden, and called to her little feathered friends:

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
Turtle-doves and linnets, fly!
Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay,
Hither, hither, haste away!
One and all, come help me quick,
Haste ye, haste ye—pick, pick, pick!"

Then first came two white doves flying in at the kitchen window; and next came two turtle-doves; and after them, all the little birds under heaven came chirping and fluttering in, and flew down into the ashes. And the doves stooped their heads down and set to work, pick, pick, pick; and then the others began to pick, pick, pick; until, in less than a half-hour, all the beans were back again in the tub. The little birds then flew away, and Cinderella ran to call her stepmother, happy that she might now go to the ball.

The stepmother was astonished; but she said, "No, girl, you cannot go. You have no clothes, and you cannot dance—you would only be laughed at!"

But Cinderella begged so hard that, again to get rid of her, the stepmother said, "Well, I will throw two tubfuls of beans into the ashes. If they are all picked out within an hour, you may go."

With that she left Cinderella, feeling sure that the girl could never accomplish the task. But the

little maiden ran out into the garden at the back of the house, and cried as before:

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
Turtle-doves and linnets, fly!
Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay,
Hither, hither, haste away!
One and all, come help me quick,
Haste ye, haste ye—pick, pick, pick!"

Then first came two white doves in at the kitchen window; and next came the turtle-doves; and after them all the little birds under heaven came chirping and hopping about, and flew down about the ashes: and the little doves put their heads down and set to work, pick, pick, pick; and then the others began to pick, pick, pick; and they put all the beans into the tubs, and left the ashes. Before half an hour had passed, all was done, and away the little birds flew again. Then Cinderella ran to call her stepmother, overjoyed at the thought that she might now go to the ball.

But the cruel woman only said, "No, you cannot go with us. You have no clothes, and you do not know how to dance; we would be ashamed of you!" And she turned her back upon Cinderella and hurried away to the ball, with her two proud daughters.

As there was now no one at home, Cinderella ran to her mother's grave, under the hazel-tree, and cried:

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then her friend the bird flew out of the tree and brought a gold and silver dress for her, and slippers of sparkling glass, the prettiest in the world. Cinderella ran back to her kitchen to put them on; and there her godmother, who was indeed a fairy, appeared to her.

"A coach you must have," said she, and touched with her wand a pumpkin-shell which lay near by. Instantly it was turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold. She then called six mice, and with one touch of her wand changed them into six splendid horses.

"Now here, my child, are your coach and horses," said the godmother; "but we must have a coachman." And she called a rat, and turned him in a twinkling into a jolly coachman dressed in gold-embroidered livery.

"Now for your footmen," she said, and called six lizards in out of the garden. The next instant the lizards were six smart footmen, mounted behind the coach.

Cinderella thanked her godmother, and got into the coach; but the fairy bade her, above all things, not to stay past midnight, telling her that if she remained one single moment longer, all her fine things would be changed back into their natural state.

She promised her godmother that she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight, and then she drove away.

The King's son, being told that a great Princess had come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she stepped from the coach, and led her among all the company.

Cinderella was so beautiful in her rich clothes that when she appeared every one was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and all the guests began to whisper: "How lovely she is!" Even the two stepdaughters did not know her; for they thought, of course, that Cinderella was safe at home in the ashes.

The King's son took her to dance with him; and she danced so gracefully that they all more and more admired her. And when supper was served, the young Prince could eat not a mouthful, so busy was he in gazing at this beautiful maiden.

When the clock struck quarter to twelve, Cinderella made a curtsey to the company and hastened away. Once at home, the coach and horses, the coachman and footmen, disappeared; and Cinderella ran quickly to the hazel-tree, and there left her beautiful clothes, so that the little bird might carry them away.

When the others returned from the ball, she was lying fast asleep in the ashes.

The next day the stepmother and the two sisters

went again to the King's ball; and so did Cinderella, dressed more magnificently than she had been on the first night.

The King's son was always with her; and every one was asking who this beautiful Princess could be.

Just before twelve, Cinderella managed to slip away; and her golden coach soon had her home again; so that, when the others returned, there she lay in the ashes as usual.

The third day, when her stepmother and sisters were gone, she ran again to the hazel-tree, and cried:

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were of glass so beautiful that they sparkled as if they were cut from a solid diamond.

When she arrived at the ball, the guests knew not what to say for wonderment; and the Prince danced with her only, as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, "She is my partner."

Now when midnight drew near, Cinderella knew that she must hurry home. The Prince wished to follow her, to see where this wonderful creature lived; and, in order that she might not escape him

too quickly, he had had the palace steps covered with tar. So it happened that as Cinderella was hastening to her fairy coach, one of her slippers stuck fast in the tar; and the Prince was greatly pleased when he picked it up. It was small and graceful, and very dainty.

"My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this glass slipper fits!" said he.

The two sisters were very glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and had no doubt that they could easily wear the slipper.

The King's son had the glass slipper tried first on all the Princesses in the kingdom, then on all the Duchesses, and all the Court; but in vain. Then he himself took it to the home of the two sisters.

The elder sister went to her chamber to put it on, while her mother stood by. But her great toe could not go into it, and the shoe was altogether much too small for her.

"Never mind; cut the toe off," said her mother, giving her a knife. "When you are Queen you will not care about toes, for then you will not have to go on foot."

So the foolish maiden cut off her toe and squeezed her foot into the slipper; then, hiding the pain she felt, she went down to the Prince. And he, thinking that she was to be his bride, placed her upon his white horse and rode off. But they had to pass by the hazel-tree, and there a little bird sat singing:

"Backward peep, backward peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one.

Then the other sister took the shoe, and went with her mother into her chamber. She got her toes into it very nicely, but the heel was too large.

"Cut a piece off your heel," said her mother; "for when you are Queen you will not need to go on foot any longer."

So the maiden cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the slipper, and went down to the Prince. He put her upon his horse, as his bride, and rode off. But when they passed the hazel-tree, there sat the little bird, singing:

"Backward peep, backward peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

The Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back and took the false bride home again.

"This is not the right maiden," said he. "Have you no other daughter?"

"No," replied the father, "except my little Cinderella, the daughter of my first wife. She cannot possibly be the bride."

"I wish to try the slipper on her," said the Prince.

"Oh, no! She is much too dirty to be seen; she is the kitchen maid!" said the stepmother.

But the Prince insisted; so Cinderella was called, and when she had washed her face and hands, she went in to the King's son, and he handed her the glass slipper.

Cinderella sat down upon a stool and, taking off one of her heavy wooden shoes, put the slipper on easily—and it fitted quite perfectly. The astonishment of the two sisters was very great; but it was greater still when Cinderella drew out of her pocket the other slipper and put it on! At that very moment her godmother appeared and, with one touch of her wand, made Cinderella as magnificent as she had been at the ball.

"This is my true bride!" exclaimed the Prince.

The stepmother and the sisters were amazed and were white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse and rode away; and as they came to the hazel-tree the little bird sang:

"Backward peep, backward peep,
There's no blood on the shoe;
It fits so well, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

The wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing; and Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, took her sisters to live in the palace, and shortly afterward married them to two great Dukes.

And they all lived happily ever afterward.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

BY HANS ANDERSEN

IT was terribly cold; it snowed and was almost dark on this, the last evening of the year. In the cold and darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, went along the streets. When she left home, it is true, she had had slippers on, but what was the use of that? They were very large slippers; her mother had worn them till then, so big were they. So the little girl lost them as she sped across the street, to get out of the way of two carts driving furiously along. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had caught up the other and ran away with it. So the little girl had to walk with naked feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a lot of matches in a red apron, and a box of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her the livelong day; no one had given her a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, poor little thing, a picture of misery.

The snowflakes covered her beautiful fair hair, which fell in long tresses about her neck: but she did not think of that now. Lights were shining in all the windows, and there was a tempting smell

of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she was thinking of that.

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she crouched down in a little heap. Although she had drawn her feet up under her, she became colder and colder; she dared not go home, for she had not sold any matches nor earned a single penny.

She would certainly be beaten by her father, and it was cold at home, too; they had only the roof above them, through which the wind whistled, although the largest cracks had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her hands were almost numb with cold. One little match might do her good, if she dared take only one out of the box, strike it on the wall and warm her fingers. She took one out and lit it. How it spluttered and burned!

It was a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light, and it really seemed to the child as though she was sitting in front of a great iron stove with polished brass feet and brass ornaments. How the fire burned up, and how nicely it warmed one! The little girl was already stretching out her feet to warm these too, when—out went the little flame, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burnt match in her hand.

She struck a second one on the wall; it threw a

light, and where this fell upon the wall, the latter became transparent, like a veil; she could see right into the room. A white table-cloth was spread upon the table, which was decked with shining china dishes, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what pleased the poor little girl more than all was that the goose hopped down from the dish, and with a knife and fork sticking in its breast, came waddling across the floor straight up to her. Just at that moment out went the match, and only the thick, damp, cold wall remained. So she lighted another match, and at once she sat under the beautiful Christmas tree; it was much larger and better dressed than the one she had seen through the glass doors at the rich merchant's. The green boughs were lit up with thousands of candles, and gayly-painted figures, like those in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little girl stretched her hands out towards them and—out went the match. The Christmas candles rose higher and higher till they were only the stars in the sky; one of them fell, leaving a long fiery trail behind it.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God. She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old

grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "oh! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great glorious Christmas tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day: grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high, and up there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care—they were with God!

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon a little corpse! The child sat there, stiff and cold, with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

MIDAS

A GREEK LEGEND

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich King whose name was Midas, and he had a little daughter whom he loved dearly.

This King was fonder of gold than of anything else in the whole world, or if he did love anything better, it was the one little daughter who played so merrily beside her father's foot-stool.

But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more he wished to be rich for her sake. He thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could do for his child was to leave her the biggest pile of glittering gold that had ever been heaped together since the world began.

When he worked in his garden, he used to wish that the roses had leaves made of gold; and once when his little daughter brought him a handful of yellow buttercups, he exclaimed, "Now if these had only been real gold, they would have been worth gathering."

"What a happy man I should be," he said one day, "if only the whole world could be made of gold, and if it all belonged to me!"

When Midas looked up one day from counting

his piles of gold he saw a young man with a cheery rosy face standing in the room. The stranger seemed kind and pleasant, and Midas was not afraid at all.

"You are a rich man, friend Midas," the visitor said; "I doubt if any other room in the whole world has as much gold in it as this."

"That may be," said Midas, "but I wish it were much more; and think how many years it has taken me to gather it all! If only I could live for a thousand years, then I might be really rich."

"Then you are not content?" asked the stranger. Midas shook his head, and said, "I am tired of getting money with so much trouble. I should like everything I touch to be changed into gold."

The stranger smiled. "Are you quite sure, Midas, that you would never be sorry if your wish were granted?" he asked.

"Quite sure," said Midas; "I ask nothing more to make me perfectly happy."

"Let it be as you wish, then," said the stranger; "from to-morrow at sunrise you will have your desire—everything you touch will be changed into gold."

The figure of the stranger then grew brighter and brighter, so that Midas had to close his eyes; and when he opened them again he saw only a yellow sunbeam in the room, and all around him glittered the precious gold which he had spent his life in gathering.

How Midas longed for the next day to come! He scarcely slept that night, but lay still until at last the sun rose, and the first rays shone through his window and made bright the room.

What was his delight when he saw that the bed-cover on which his hands rested had become a woven cloth of the purest and brightest gold! He started up and caught hold of the bed-post: instantly it became a golden pillar.

He pulled aside the window-curtain and the tassel grew heavy in his hand: it was a mass of gold! He took up a book from the table, and at his first touch it became a bundle of thin golden leaves, in which no reading could be seen.

Midas was delighted with his good fortune; he took his spectacles from his pocket and put them on, so that he might see more clearly what he was about.

But to his surprise he could not see through them; the clear glasses had turned into gold, and, of course, though they were worth a great deal of money, they were of no more use as spectacles.

Midas thought this was rather annoying, but he soon forgot all about it. He went downstairs, and how he laughed with pleasure when he noticed that the railing became a bar of shining gold as he rested his hand on it; even the rusty iron latch of the garden door turned yellow as soon as his fingers pressed it.

He went from bush to bush and touched the flowers. And the beautiful pink and red color faded from the roses, the violets became stiff, and then glittered among bunches of hard yellow leaves.

Showers of snow-white blossoms no longer fell from the cherry-trees; the tiny petals were all changed into flakes of solid gold, which glittered so brightly in the sunlight that Midas could not bear to look at them.

But he was quite satisfied with his morning's work, and went back to the palace for breakfast feeling very happy.

Just then he heard his little daughter crying bitterly, and she came running into the room sobbing as if her heart would break. "How now, little lady," he said, "pray what is the matter with you this morning?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, such a dreadful thing has happened!" answered the child. "I went to the garden to gather you some roses, and they are all spoiled; they have grown quite ugly, and stiff, and yellow, and they have no scent; what can be the matter?" and she cried bitterly.

Midas was ashamed to confess that he was to blame, so he said nothing, and they sat down at the table. The King was very hungry, and he poured out a cup of coffee and helped himself to some fish.

But the instant his lips touched the coffee it became the color of gold, and the next moment it hard-

ened into a solid lump. "Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the King, rather surprised.

"What is the matter, father?" asked his little daughter.

"Nothing, child, nothing," he answered; "eat your bread and milk before it gets cold."

Then he looked at the nice little fish on his plate, and he gently touched its tail with his finger. To his horror it was at once changed into gold.

He took one of the hot cakes, and he had scarcely broken it when the white flour changed into yellow crumbs which shone like grains of hard sea-sand.

"I do not see how I am going to get any breakfast," he said to himself; and he looked with envy at his little daughter, who had dried her tears and was eating her bread and milk hungrily.

"I wonder if it will be the same at dinner," he thought; "and if so, how am I going to live if all my food is to be turned into gold?"

Midas began to get very anxious, and to think about many things that he had never thought of before. Here was the very richest breakfast that could be set before a King, and yet there was nothing that he could eat!

The poorest workman sitting down to a crust of bread and a cup of water was better off than King Midas, whose dainty food was worth its weight in gold.

He began to doubt whether, after all, riches were

the only good thing in the world, and he was so hungry that he gave a groan.

His little daughter noticed that Midas ate nothing, and at first she sat still looking at him, and trying to find out what was the matter. Then she got down from her chair, and running to her father, she threw her arms lovingly round his knees.

Midas bent down and kissed her; he felt that his little daughter's love was a thousand times more precious than all the gold he had gained since the stranger came to visit him. "My precious, precious little girl!" he said, but there was no answer.

Alas! what had he done? The moment that his lips had touched his child's forehead a change took place. Her sweet, rosy face hardened and became a glittering yellow color; her beautiful brown curls hung like wires of gold from the small head.

He began to wring his hands, and to wish that he was the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his money might bring back the rosy color to his dear child's face.

While he was in despair he suddenly saw a stranger standing near the door, the same visitor he had seen yesterday, and who had granted his wish.

"Well, friend Midas," he said, "pray how are you enjoying your gold?" Midas shook his head.

"I am very unhappy," he said.

"Very unhappy, are you?" exclaimed the stranger. "And how does that happen; have I not kept my

promise; have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas; "and I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah," said the stranger, "I see you have found out something since yesterday. Tell me truly, which of these things do you really think is worth most—your own little daughter, alive and loving, or that gold statue of a child."

"Oh, my little daughter, my little daughter!" sobbed Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given one of her curls for the power of changing all the world into gold, and I would give all I possess for a cup of cold water and a crust of bread."

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the stranger. "Tell me, do you really wish to get rid of your gift of turning everything into gold?"

"Yes," said Midas; "it is hateful to me."

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that flows at the bottom of the garden; take also a pitcher of the same water, and sprinkle it over anything that you wish to change back again from gold into what it was before."

King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head the stranger was nowhere to be seen.

You will believe that the king lost no time, but ran towards the river. On reaching the water he jumped in, and came out with his hair dripping.

Then he dipped a pitcher into the water, and how

glad he was to see that it became just a common pitcher, and not a golden one as it had been five minutes before.

Midas hurried back to the palace with the pitcher of water, and the first thing he did was to sprinkle it all over the golden figure of his little daughter.

You would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to her cheeks, and how she began to sneeze and choke, and how surprised she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing water over her.

For you see the little girl did not know that she had been a little golden statue, as she could not remember anything from the moment when she ran to kiss her father.

PANDORA

A GREEK LEGEND

LONG, long ago, when this old world was still very young, every one was happy, no one was ever ill or naughty, and people did not know what trouble meant.

In those days there lived a boy who had neither father nor mother. That he might not be lonely, a little girl, who like himself had no father or mother, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playmate. This child's name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she came to the cottage where the boy lived, was a large wooden box. "What have you got in that box?" she asked.

"That is a secret," he answered; "and you must not ask any questions about it; the box was left here for safety, and I do not know what is in it."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora, "and where did it come from?"

"That is a secret too," answered the boy.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Pandora, pouting. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way"; and she looked very cross.

"Come along, and let us play games," said the

boy; "we will not think any more about it"; and they ran out to play with the other children, and for a time Pandora forgot all about the box.

But when she came back to the cottage, there it was in front of her, and she began to say to herself, "Whatever can be inside it? I wish I just knew who brought it!

"Do tell me?" she said, turning to the boy, "I know I cannot be happy till you tell me all about it."

"How can I tell you, Pandora?" he said. "I do not know any more than you do."

"Well, you could open it," said Pandora, "and we could see for ourselves!"

But the boy looked so shocked at the very idea of opening a box that had been given to him in trust, that Pandora saw she had better not suggest such a thing again.

"At least you can tell me how it came here," she said.

"It was left at the door," answered the boy, "just before you came, by a person dressed in a very strange cloak; he had a cap that seemed to be partly made of feathers. It looked exactly as if he had wings."

"What kind of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried the boy; "it seemed like two serpents twisted round a stick."

"I know him," said Pandora. "It was Mercury;

and he brought me here as well as the box. I am sure he meant the box for me, and perhaps there are pretty clothes in it for us to wear, and toys for us both to play with."

"It may be so," answered the boy, turning away, "but until Mercury comes back and tells us that we may open it, neither of us has any right to lift the lid"; and he went out of the cottage.

"What a stupid boy he is!" muttered Pandora; "I do wish he had a little more spirit." Then she stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, but it was really a very handsome box, and would have been an ornament in any room.

The box was not fastened with a lock and key like most boxes, but with a strange knot of gold cord. There never was a knot so strangely tied.

It seemed to have no end and no beginning, but was twisted so cunningly, with so many ins and outs, that not even the cleverest fingers could undo it.

Pandora looked closely at the knot to see how it was made. "I really believe," she said to herself, "that I begin to see how it is done; I am sure I could tie it up again after undoing it. There could be no harm in that; I need not open the box even if I undo the knot."

And the longer she looked at it, the more she wanted to try. So she took the gold cord in her fingers and looked at it very closely.

But at that moment she gave the knot a little shake, and the gold cord undid itself as if by magic, and there was the box without any fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I have ever known," said Pandora, trembling. "How can I possibly tie it up again?"

She tried once or twice, but the knot would not come right; it had untied itself so suddenly she could not remember at all how the cord had been twisted together.

So there was nothing to be done but to let the box remain as it was until the boy should come home.

"But," thought Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied he will know that I have done it; how shall I ever make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the naughty thought came into her head that, as the boy would believe that she had looked into the box, she might as well have a little peep.

"Yes, I must just peep," said Pandora; "only one little peep, and the lid will be shut down as safely as ever. There cannot really be any harm in one little peep."

When the boy came back to the cottage what do you think he saw? The naughty little girl had put her hand on the lid of the box and was just going to open it.

The boy saw this quite well, and if he had cried out at once it would have given Pandora such a fright she would have let go the lid.

But he was very naughty too. Although he had said very little about the box, he was quite as curious as Pandora was to see what was inside.

If they really found anything pretty or of value in it, he meant to take half of it for himself; so that he was quite as naughty, and nearly as much to blame as the little girl.

When Pandora raised the lid, the cottage had grown very dark, for a black cloud now covered the sun, and a heavy peal of thunder was heard. But Pandora was too busy and excited to notice either.

She lifted the lid, and at once a swarm of creatures with wings flew out of the box, and a minute after she heard the boy crying loudly, "Oh, I am stung, I am stung! You naughty Pandora, why did you open this dreadful box?"

Pandora let the lid fall with a crash, and started up to find out what had happened to her playmate. The thunder-cloud had made the room so dark that she could scarcely see.

She heard a loud buzz-buzzing, as if a great many huge flies had flown in, and soon she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes darting about, with wings like bats and with long stings in their tails.

It was one of these that had stung the boy, and

it was not long before Pandora herself began to scream with pain and fear.

Now I must tell you that these ugly creatures with stings, which had escaped from the box, were evil tempers, and a great many kinds of cares; and there were more than a hundred and fifty sorrows, and there were many pains.

In fact all the sorrows and worries that hurt people in the world to-day had been shut up in the magic box, and given to the boy and Pandora to keep safely.

That was in order that the happy children in the world might never be troubled by them. If only these two had obeyed Mercury, and had left the box alone as he told them, all would have gone well.

But you see what mischief they had done. The winged troubles flew out at the window, and went all over the world; and they made people so unhappy that no one smiled for a great many days.

Meanwhile Pandora and the boy remained in the cottage; they were very sad and in great pain, which made them both cross.

Suddenly, they heard a gentle tap-tap inside the box. "What can that be?" said Pandora, raising her head; and again came the tap-tap. It sounded like the knuckles of a tiny hand knocking lightly on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora.

A sweet little voice came from inside, "Only lift the lid, and you will see."

But Pandora was afraid to lift the lid again. She looked across to the boy, but he was so angry that he took no notice. Pandora sobbed, "No, no, I am afraid; there are so many troubles with stings flying about that we do not want any more."

"Ah, but I am not one of those," the sweet voice said; "they are no friends of mine. Come, come, dear Pandora, I am sure you will let me out."

The voice sounded so kind and cheerful that it made Pandora feel better even to listen to it. The boy too had heard the voice. He stopped crying. Then he came forward, and said, "Let me help you, Pandora, as the lid is very heavy."

So this time both the children opened the box, and out flew a bright, smiling little fairy, who brought light and sunshine with her.

She flew to the boy, and with her finger touched his brow where the trouble had stung him, and at once the pain was gone. Then she kissed Pandora, and her hurt was better at once.

"Pray who are you, kind fairy?" Pandora asked.

"I am called Hope," was the answer. "I was shut up in the box so that I might be ready to comfort people when the family of troubles got loose in the world."

"What lovely wings you have! They are just like

a rainbow. And will you stay with us," asked the boy, "for ever and ever?"

"Yes," said Hope, "I shall stay with you as long as you live. Sometimes you will not be able to see me, and you may think I am dead, but you will find that I come back again and again when you have given up expecting me, and you must always trust my promise that I will never really leave you."

"Yes, we do trust you," cried both children. And all the rest of their lives Pandora and the boy did trust the sweet fairy, even when the troubles came back and buzzed about their heads and left bitter stings of pain.

At such times they would remember whose fault it was that the troubles had ever come into the world at all, and they would wait till sweet Hope with her rainbow wings came back to heal and comfort them.

THE PIED PIPER

FROM ROBERT BROWNING

MORE than five hundred years ago the people in a little town in Germany did not know what to do because of a plague of rats. The rats ate their cheeses, licked their soup, worried their dogs, and killed their cats.

Worse than that, they were cruel enough to bite the babies in their cradles, and so bold that they ventured to build their nests inside men's Sunday hats.

People could hardly hear themselves speak, because the rats squeaked and shrieked all the time.

At last it could be borne no longer, and men and women flocked to the Town Hall and urged the Mayor to think of a plan by which they might get rid of the dangerous little beasts. "If you can't," they said, "you shall be our Mayor no longer."

So the Mayor thought and thought and thought till his head ached badly. "Oh! for a trap, a trap, a trap!" he cried in despair, and just at that moment a gentle knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried the Mayor. And in came the strangest figure.

"His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in."

The strange man moved slowly towards the Mayor, and said that he was called The Pied Piper, and the Mayor noticed that a pipe hung from the end of the strange man's scarf.

The Pied Piper then told the Mayor that he could play magic music, and that he was able when he wished to make any living creatures under the sun follow him as he played.

"And I use my charm chiefly," said the Pied Piper, "on creatures that do harm. Now if I were to rid your town of rats, would you give me a thousand pounds?"

"Indeed, I would!" replied the Mayor in surprise.

At once the Piper, smiling to himself, stepped into the street and put his pipe to his lips. Before three shrill notes were blown there was a muttering sound, and it grew louder and louder as out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives."

On and on they went, the Piper playing, the rats dancing after him. At last they reached a broad river. The Piper all of a sudden stepped aside, and in plunged the rats and were drowned.

Such good news of course spread quickly, and soon the Mayor was in the market-place telling the people to spoil all the rats' nests and to block up all their holes.

But just as he was speaking the Piper appeared.

"First, if you please," said he, "give me my thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds!" answered the Mayor; "that cannot be, that was a joke; but you shall have fifty."

"Come, no nonsense; I can't wait," said the Piper; "keep your promise. Give me my thousand pounds. If you do not, I shall lose my temper, and you won't like the tune I shall play then."

"How dare you speak so?" said the Mayor. "Play any tune you like; blow your pipe till you burst; you shan't get the thousand pounds."

Once more the Piper stepped into the street, and put his pipe to his lips. Before three sweet, soft notes were heard there was a rustling sound, and it grew louder and louder as out of the houses the children came running.

"All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

On and on they went, the Piper playing, the children dancing after him. At last they came in sight of the broad river, but here the Piper turned west towards a high hill.

Up and up they went, the Piper playing, the children dancing after him, when all of a sudden a magic door opened in the mountain-side.

In went the Piper, after him followed the children. Then the magic door closed leaving outside only one little boy, who, because he was lame, had not been able to dance the whole of the way.

And the little lame boy was very sad without his boy and girl friends, and he was very sorry, too, that he had not been able to go with them.

He was able, though, to comfort the sad mothers and fathers, for he told them that the Piper had said it was a joyous land to which he led the children.

It was a land

"Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here.
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings."

EDERLAND, THE POULTRY-MAID

FROM THE DANISH

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters. She was very ill and she expected to hear death knock at her door from day to day; so she called together her three daughters, and divided what she had among them. But she did not make an equal division: she gave the two older daughters, who were always nice to look at, and kept themselves well dressed, all that she had; and the youngest, little Ederland, received only a dough-pan, a broom-stick and an apron.

The mother lived but a short time, and when she had died, what she had left was divided as she had arranged. Then the two older sisters said to Ederland: "That shows you once more, Ederland, that our mother thought more of us than she did of you, for all she gave you was that wretched dough-pan, and the broom-stick and apron."

But little Ederland was patient, and held her tongue, and still believed that her mother had loved her just as much as she had her two sisters.

In the course of time all three sisters took service in a fine house. The two older sisters were in the house itself, and helped with all the housework; but

little Ederland was only the poultry-maid. Yet before long the master of the house noticed that his poultry had never been in better condition than since Ederland had taken charge; and therefore he praised her continually in her sisters' presence.

They did not enjoy hearing it at all. At last they decided to tell their master that Ederland could do much more, if only she felt like it. They knew positively that she could get him a candlestick that would give light without a candle; and if she said she could not, it merely showed that she would not.

When their master heard this, he at once sent for Ederland and said to her: "I hear that you can get me a candlestick that gives light without a candle. I want to have it very much, and you must get it for me. It is useless for you to refuse, for I know that you can if you feel like it."

Little Ederland cried, and said she would like to oblige him, if only she knew how; but that he had set her a task she really could not accomplish. Yet her master would not believe her.

"All your speeches won't help you," he said. "You must get the candlestick for me, but you shall have two bushels of gold for getting it!"

Little Ederland left the house in tears, and went straight to her mother's grave. And as she stood there and cried, her mother rose from the grave and said: "Do not cry! Go back home, and ask your master for two bushels of salt, take your broom-

stick, set it up as a mast in the doughpan, tie your apron to it for a sail, and sail out to sea with your two bushels of salt; then you will come to the place where you can get the candlestick that gives light without a candle!"

And with that the mother sank back into her grave, and little Ederland went home and asked her master for the two bushels of salt. She got them, and then set up her dough-pan with the broom-stick for a mast, and the apron for a sail, took her two bushels of salt, and sailed out upon the stormy sea, letting the waves carry her along as they chose.

She sailed a long way, but at last she landed on the island of the trolls, and went ashore with the two bushels of salt. Somewhere about she saw a house. She went up to it, climbed on the roof, and looked down the chimney. Down below stood the old troll mother, cooking mush for her sons. On the hearth, beside the kettle of mush, stood the candlestick that gave light without a candle. This was just what Ederland wanted, and when the old troll mother turned her back, she poured down her two bushels of salt into the mush. The old troll mother turned right around again, and tasted the mush; but it was terribly salty. So she took up a bucket to get some water to cook over the mush. Then Ederland slipped down the chimney in a trice and ran after her, and as the old troll mother was stooping over the edge of the well to draw up the bucket, Ederland gave

"'THERE YOU WILL FIND THE CANDLESTICK THAT GIVES LIGHT WITHOUT A CANDLE'"

her a push so that she fell in head over heels, and did not come up again. Ederland now quickly secured the candlestick and ran down to her ship. She was no more than a short distance from land, when she saw the trolls come home, and a moment later they ran down to the strand and called after her: "Ederland, Ederland! You have thrown our mother into the well and taken our candlestick! If you ever come here again you will have to pay the price!"

But Ederland called back: "Well, I am coming back twice!" and sailed gayly home.

Her master was filled with joy when he saw the candlestick that gave light without a candle, and little Ederland received her two bushels of gold and was happy as well. But her two sisters grew more angry with each passing day at her good fortune, and their only thought was of how they might mar her pleasure. At last they again told their master that Ederland could do much more if she only would. She could obtain a horse with bells on all four legs, one that could be heard long before it was seen, and that could be found again, no matter how far it had strayed. Their master would much rather have a horse of that kind even than the candlestick he already possessed. He had Ederland called at once, and told her that he was well aware that she could obtain a horse that had bells on all four of its legs, which one could hear in the distance, and could always find if it strayed. She must get him that horse.

Ederland cried and said she was only too willing to get it; but she did not know how. Yet her master would not content himself with her answer.

"You could, if you only would," he said. "You must get that horse for me and I will give you three bushels of gold for it."

Again Ederland went to her mother's grave and cried, and was very unhappy. And again her mother rose from the grave and said to her: "Do not cry, my little Ederland! Go home and ask your master for four bunches of tow, take them and sit down in your dough-pan with the broom-stick and the apron as before. Then you will reach the place where you can obtain the horse with the bells on all four legs."

Thereupon her mother sank back into the grave; while little Ederland went home and asked her master for the four bunches of tow. He gave them to her at once, and she sailed out to sea in her dough-pan, with the broom-stick for a mast, and her apron for a sail. This time also she landed on the island of the trolls. It was just at the time when the trolls were at home, and were eating their dinner, and the horse with the bells on all four legs was grazing in the field before the house. Ederland slipped up to him, tied a bunch of tow around each leg, so that the bells could not ring, and led him down to the strand. Just as she was leading him into the boat, however, the bunch of tow about one of his legs fell off, the bell at once began to ring, and all the trolls hurried

down to the strand. Little Ederland had led the horse safely aboard, and had just put a bit of water between the boat and the shore, when the trolls reached the beach. They fell into a terrible rage when they saw that Ederland was escaping with their horse, and called after her: "Ederland, Ederland! you pushed our old mother into the well, and took our candlestick, and now you have stolen our horse! When you come again you will have to pay for it."

But Ederland called back to them: "Well, I am coming back once more!"

When Ederland reached home with the horse, her master was filled with joy. He gladly gave her the three bushels of gold he had promised her, and Ederland herself was very happy. But her two sisters were not at all pleased with her good fortune, and day and night they thought only of what harm they might do her. Before long they said to their master: "Ederland could get you something far better than she has already obtained for you: a pig that stays just as fat as it was, though you cut as much bacon from it as ever you will."

That seemed the best of all to their master. Ederland had to come to him at once and he said to her: "I have heard that you can get a pig for me from which I may cut as much bacon as ever I will, while it stays as fat as it was. That pig I must have."

In vain Ederland wept and said: "I would, if only

I could; but I cannot get any such pig for you." Her master would not listen to her.

"You can and must obtain that pig for me," he said, "and in return I will give you all the beautiful things which you see here."

But little Ederland was very sad. She went to her mother's grave and wept bitterly. Then her mother rose from her grave, and said to her: "Do not cry, my little Ederland! Go home and ask your master for two flitches of bacon, seat yourself in your boat, and sail out to sea. Then you will come to the place where you can get the pig." When she had said this she sank back into her grave.

But Ederland went home and got the two flitches of bacon, put them in her dough-pan with the broom-stick for a mast and the apron for a sail, and the wind blew her across the sea to the island of the trolls. It was just the time when the trolls were taking their after-dinner nap. The pig was in the meadow, but the trolls had hired a little boy to watch it.

Ederland ran up to the little boy and said to him: "These two flitches of bacon are for the trolls. Will you carry them over to them while I take care of the pig for you in the meantime?" The boy saw no harm in this, so he took the bacon and ran with it to the house. But as he was telling the trolls how he came by the two flitches of bacon, they at once thought that Ederland might have a hand in the

matter again, so they ran down to the beach as fast as they could. And there Ederland had been unable to get the pig into the boat.

So the trolls seized her as well as the pig. They dragged Ederland into the house, and handed her over to the old troll father, telling him to slaughter her, and dish up a real tasty supper for them when they came back from work. Then the trolls went off, and Ederland stayed behind with the old troll father. He dragged up a great block of wood, put down the ax beside it and said to her: "Now lay down your head upon the block so that I can chop it off."

"Yes," said little Ederland, "I'm willing to do so, but I do not know how. First you will have to show me."

"Why," said the old troll father, "it is quite simple, you only need to do like this," and as he spoke he laid his head down on the block. In a moment Ederland had seized the ax and chopped off his head with a single stroke. She at once put a night-cap on the head, laid it in bed, and thrust the body into the soup-kettle that hung over the hearth. Then she ran down to the beach, took the pig and sailed away in her boat.

Not long after the trolls came home, and at once fell upon the supper cooking over the stove. They were much surprised to find the meat so tough, when the person who had furnished it was so young. But

they were hungry and managed to get it down. At last it occurred to one of them that their old father should also have his share. He went over to the bed and shook him; but they all were much frightened when they realized that his head alone was lying on the bed. At last they saw how everything had happened, left their supper and ran down to the beach. But by that time Ederland was far out to sea. The trolls came down in the most furious rage, and called after her: "Ederland, Ederland! you pushed our old mother into the well, you took our candlestick, you stole our horse, and now you have killed our old father and robbed us of our pig. If you come here again you will have to pay for it!"

But Ederland called back: "I shall never, never come back, and you need not expect me!"

So little Ederland sailed home, and her master received her very joyfully, and soon after they married and lived in peace and contentment. Her sisters lived with her, but they did nothing day by day, save brood over Ederland's good fortune.

One day Ederland said to them: "If you feel like sailing, you are welcome to my boat." And the sisters decided to try it at once. They got into the boat, set sail and came to the island of the trolls. But when they got there the trolls seized them, cooked them and fried them, and were pleased as pleased could be to have made such a haul.

THE WALK TO THE MILL

FROM THE DANISH

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had an over-grown son, who was not very bright, and she could not send him anywhere with a message, because he could never remember what he had been told to say. One day she wanted two bushels of buckwheat from the mill, and thinking he would at least be able to get that for her, she said to him: "Can you bring two bushels of buckwheat from the mill?"

"Yes, indeed," said he.

"But do not forget it," said his mother. No, he would not forget it, he said, for he always answered promptly.

"You should keep on repeating it to yourself as you go along."

So he went along, and kept repeating to himself: "Two bushels, two bushels, two bushels." But after a while he was saying it so loudly that every one could hear him. At length he passed a man who was sowing corn. When he heard what the boy was saying it made him angry, for he had sown seven tons, and it seemed to him as though the lad was predicting that he would only reap two bushels.

"You rascal, I'll teach you!" and with that he gave

him several cuffs. "You dare to say that, do you?"

"Well, what should I say, then?"

"You should say: 'God grant a hundred-fold increase!'"

The boy had no objection, and went on his way repeating as he went: "God grant a hundred-fold increase! God grant a hundred-fold increase!" Then he passed a farm, where they were busy rat-hunting. When the people heard him calling they grew furious, and since he wished them a hundred-fold increase, he got another trouncing.

"Hold your tongue, you scoundrel, and do not say that!" they said, when they let him go.

"I will gladly hold my tongue," said the boy, and cried pitifully, "but what am I to say?"

"You should say, 'Off with the infernal vermin! Off with the infernal vermin!'"

This he was quite willing to do and went along crying out as they had told him: "Off with the infernal vermin! Off with the infernal vermin!"

Not long after he encountered a funeral procession. When the people heard what the boy was calling out, and what he was saying about the dead man, they grew angry, collared him and leathered him well.

"You must not say anything like that, you vagabond!" they cried, and gave him a few more cracks for good measure. So he asked them, very much depressed, what he should say.

"That's how one carries the dead to the grave!" they told him. He was quite willing to oblige them, and went on his way, calling out: "That's how one carries the dead to the grave! That's how one carries the dead to the grave!"

As he did so he met a man who was walking along with a greyhound he intended to sell. When he heard what the boy was calling out, he grew angry, for he thought he was making fun of him. So he seized him and gave him a good beating.

"What business has a vagabond like yourself calling out such an insult! Do not dare to do so again! Now see how you like it!"

"But what should I say?" asked the boy.

"You must say: 'That's how one leads a dog to market!' " was the answer.

He was quite willing to say this, and went on repeating what he had been taught: "That's how one leads a dog to market! That's how one leads a dog to market!" Then he reached a homestead where they were just lifting the daughter into a wagon. She was dressed as a bride, and they were taking her to church to be married. When the people heard what the boy was calling out, they took for granted that he was insulting the bride, and they seized him and gave him a terrible flogging, and made it clear to him that he had better not repeat his call.

"Well, what shall I say then?" wailed the boy, who had already had his full share of thrashings.

"You should say, 'Here there's joy in the house!' " said the farm people.

He was willing and went on his way, crying out as well as he could—for it was no more than a pitiful snivel now—"Here there's joy in the house! Here there's joy in the house!"

At length he came to a farm house that was flaming to the sky, and a number of people were busy round it trying to put out the fire. When they heard what the boy was calling out they grew angry.

"You miserable hound! Do you mean to say that there's joy in the house here? When such a terrible misfortune has happened?" And they caught him, for he could not escape from such a crowd, even if he tried, and they gave him the worst beating he had as yet received.

"Yes, but what should I say?" wailed the boy. "You should say: 'May God lay weather and wind!' "

He took their word for it, and went on repeating what they had told him. At length he came to the mill. There stood the miller tugging at the wings, for the mill would not run because there was no wind, and the miller was angry since he had a great deal of meal to grind. So he turned on the boy when he heard him crying out.

"Is it necessary for a scamp like yourself to come along with such a wish?" And he gave him a few more cuffs.

By this time the boy had been so thoroughly

beaten, and was so frightened that he at once began to cry, and he cried so hard that he clean forgot what he had last said, and as for what he was to get, he had forgotten that long ago. The miller could get nothing out of him, though he cross-questioned him carefully. At last it occurred to him to ask: "Who told you to call out, 'May God lay weather and wind'?" That he remembered; it was the people around the house in flames. "They beat me and said I should not call out what I was calling."

"And what were you not to call out?"

Now he remembered that, too: "I was not to call out: 'Here there's joy in the house!'"

"Who told you to call that out?"

He remembered that as well. It was the people in the farm-yard who were lifting a woman into the wagon. "They beat me and told me I must not call out what I was calling."

"What had you been calling out?" inquired the miller.

"I kept repeating: 'That's how one leads a dog to market!'"

"And who taught you that?"

"A fellow who was leading a dog," said the boy. "He beat me and told me I should not call out what I was calling."

"What had you been calling?"

"I kept on saying: 'That's how one brings the dead to the grave!'" said the boy; for his answers now

came as smooth as silk, seeing the miller had known at which end to begin.

"And who told you to call that out?"

"It was the people from a house by the road. They were just carrying out a dead man, and they beat me and forbade my calling out what I was calling."

"Well, what had you been calling?"

"I had just been calling out: 'Off with the infernal vermin!' "

"And who told you to say that?"

"It was the people in a farm-yard who were killing rats," said the boy. "They beat me, and told me I should not call out what I was calling."

"And what were you saying?"

"Wait a minute. Now I remember. I was going along repeating: 'May God give a hundred-fold increase!' and that made them angry."

But tell me from whom you heard that?"

"There was a man who told me to say that. He was walking in a field beside the road, sowing, and when I came by he grew angry and beat me, and told me not to say what I was saying."

"But what were you saying?" asked the miller.

"I was saying: 'Two bushels of buckwheat! two bushels of buckwheat!' Wait a minute, I was told to get two bushels of buckwheat!"

And then the boy got his two bushels of buckwheat, and that's the end of the story.

THE HAPPY PRINCE

BY OSCAR WILDE

HIGH above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man, as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks like an angel," said the Charity Children, as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks, and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the

children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came, the Swallows all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love traveling, and my wife, consequently, should love traveling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried, "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-by!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wings a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried. "There is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with

tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What, is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it

I can see a woman seated at the table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honor to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of

course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!" "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round

the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better"; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology, as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the

Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse crouches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the god Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take

"'LITTLE SWALLOW,' SAID THE PRINCE, 'WILL YOU NOT STAY WITH ME FOR ONE NIGHT?'"

it to him. He will sell it to the jeweler, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbor. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted, as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-by," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the

chill now will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinz, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw

the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too

well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-by, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councilors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councilors, who always agreed with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are

gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councilors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councilors, and they quarreled. When I last heard of them they were quarreling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."